



H. Gavin Sculp.

THE
WORKS
OF
JAMES THOMSON.

WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS and IMPROVEMENTS.

To which is prefixed
A NEW ACCOUNT of his LIFE;

WITH A
CRITICISM on his WRITINGS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME FIRST.

J:G*H

EDINBURGH:

Printed for R. CLARK, Bookseller in the Parliament-House.

MDCCLXXII.



THE
SEASONS.

CONTAINING

SPRING,		AUTUMN,
SUMMER,		WINTER.

COUNT

THE E. and W. L. L. L.

THE E. and W. L. L. L.

THE E. and W. L. L. L.

A N
A C C O U N T
O F T H E
L I F E and W R I T I N G S
O F
Mr J A M E S T H O M S O N.

THE private life of an author seems naturally to promise no events either important or interesting. Spent in retirement, in reading, in the contemplation of Nature, or the society of a few select friends, however happy it may be to himself, it appears to contain no circumstances that should merit the attention of cotemporaries, or excite the curiosity of posterity. But the works of an author of eminence present us with a very different view of him. When we consider the greatness of his genius, the pleasure and instruction we have received from the perusal of his writings, and that the character and fame even of a nation itself depend more perhaps on its authors, than on any other class of men in it, we are filled with love and admiration, and become interested even in the minutest circumstances that relate to him. We look on him as an extraordinary production of Nature, and wish to trace the

steps she has taken in forming such an uncommon appearance. Hence we become anxious to know every particular with regard to his birth, education, and character; and hence also has arisen the almost universal custom of prefixing accounts of the lives of authors of eminence to their works.

In compliance with this practice, founded on the justest principles and genuine feelings of human nature, it is proposed to lay before the public some account of the life and writings of Mr Thomson.

This we shall do with entire freedom and impartiality. There is no reason to apprehend our Author will suffer by such a conduct. Merit like his needs not the foreign aid of partial attachment, or blind zeal to support it.

Mr THOMSON was born at Ednam, in the county of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September 1700. His father, who was minister of that parish, was much belov'd by all the clergy and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and particularly respected for his piety, and the fidelity with which he performed all the duties of his office. This worthy man died before our Author's education was near completed, which deprived him of the pleasure of seeing his son in possession of any part of the fame he afterwards acquired, and our Author of the advantage of his instructions and prudent admonitions. This event, attended with circumstances extremely affecting, namely, a widow left with a small settlement, and no less than nine children, and happening so suddenly, that our Author, who was at no great distance, with all the haste he could make, did not arrive in time to see his father expire, deeply touched his nice sensibility. His relations still remember and men-

Mr JAMES THOMSON. 71

tion with emotion some strong marks of grief and affection he displayed on that occasion.

After the death of his father, the direction of Mr Thomson's education devolved chiefly on Mr Riccarton, a clergyman in the neighbourhood, of great learning, sagacity, and good taste. This penetrating critic even then discovered, in the juvenile productions of his pupil, the merits of his genius, and predicted the fame he afterwards reached.

Mr Thomson had been sent to the university of Edinburgh a little before his father's death. After this melancholy event he was advised to return to it again to finish his studies, it being the intention of his mother and friends to educate him for the church. It is doubtful how far this was his own choice; he so far, however, complied on this occasion with the views of his friends, as to enter himself a student under the able Professor Hamilton, who then filled the divinity chair in that university.

The study of the English language, and the knowledge of the best writers in it, had now become pretty general in Scotland. The Latin language however had long been, and still was, the favourite of this kingdom. Its chief literary productions were composed in it, and its critics formed their taste of style on the correct Roman models. Blinded also with the great merit of these originals, and despairing to find a rivalry of their fame in any of the efforts of modern genius, they had lost all hopes of seeing any performance that could claim the merit of being new, and had fixed their standard of excellence in the perfection of the imitation of these models.

These were principles extremely unfavourable to the first appearances of our young poet. Fired

with a noble spirit of enthusiasm, and endued with a quick sensibility of the beauty of the works of Nature, he followed the bent of his own imagination, and dared to be an original himself, which he became by only describing his own feelings. In these descriptions, flowing from a warm imagination, some inaccuracies were excusable, even in a writer of established reputation, but altogether unavoidable in a young one. These inaccuracies were treated with too much severity by some of the above-mentioned critics, into whose hands some of our Author's first performances had fallen. Prepossessed in general against the attempt to leave the old beaten tract of imitation, insensible of the true merit of poetry, noble sentiments, and lively descriptions, and dwelling on trivial transgressions of minute critical rules, they held these essays void of all excellence, because they were unable to discern it.

This treatment mortified our Author, though it did not altogether discourage him, especially as he had some friends of more enlarged minds and better taste, who entertained a very different opinion of his productions. It had only one effect, to make him turn his views towards London. There he saw a very different public taste lately introduced, and Milton's noble works universally read and admired. There he saw criticism founded on more just and liberal principles, in the useful and elegant compositions of Addison and Pope.

While in this wavering state of mind he still continued his attendance on the divinity college, a little accident entirely determined him to try his fortune in London. There was prescribed to him as the subject of an exercise, a psalm containing a sublime and highly poetical description of the power and works of God. This was a sub-

jest entirely suited to the genius of our author; he seized the spirit of the original, and instead of acting the part of a commentator, which the nature of the exercise required, rivalled the sacred writer in the sublimity of his sentiments, and richness of his description. The professor, who was a man of genius and taste, was fully sensible of the uncommon merit of the exhibition he had heard; at the same time he had formed to himself, and always inculcated on his students just notions of the simplicity and perspicuity of expression, in which discourses from the pulpit ought invariably to be conveyed. When he came, therefore, according to his usual custom, to deliver his opinion of Mr Thomson's composition, he expressed his approbation in strong terms of the great display of genius he had given; but observed, that the style was greatly elevated above what a vulgar audience could be supposed to understand, and that if he expected to be useful in the church, he behoved to study greater plainness of expression.

Our Author was so much convinced of the justice of the professor's observation, that from this time he gave up entirely all further thoughts of the church. He soon after set out for London, on receiving some encouragement from a person of quality, who was a distant relation of his mother.

London, above all places in the world, perhaps, is one where true genius is most likely to meet with patronage and reward; and such uncommon merit as our Author's, could not continue there long concealed. He was kindly received by Mr Forbes, afterwards President of the Court of Session, then attending in parliament, who had seen some specimens of his poetry in Scotland: by

him he was introduced to Mr Aikman, with whom he contracted an intimate friendship that was of great use to him. This is the gentleman whose untimely death he laments in a copy of verses dedicated to his memory.

Our Author now proposed to risk the publication of his *Winter*, which was the first of the Seasons he had composed. He had brought a copy of this poem to London with him. It had been handed about among some of his friends since his arrival, from whom he had received corrections, and he had been employed chiefly himself in polishing it for the press. He owed a great deal on this occasion to the friendly assistance of Mr Mallet, by whom also he was fully instructed in the map of the poetical world, and made acquainted with all the views, connections, and rivalships of the capital poets of that time.

The poem of *Winter* was at last published in March 1726; and, what will appear a little surprising, the professed critics were the only persons that hesitated to give their approbation. Criticism in the hands of a man of genius and liberal principles, is certainly a noble art, immediately subservient to the advancement of literature and true taste; but in the possession of a person of an opposite turn of mind, of great learning, but no sensibility, becomes one of the most dogmatical, discouraging, detrimental professions imaginable. Of this last character were many of the professed critics of those times, which will account for what was just now observed.

The generality of readers, who never, perhaps, heard of the rules of criticism, in judging of any work addressed to the imagination or passions, have no other principle to direct their opinion, but the plain simple one of their being pleased; whatever yields them amusement or instruction,

they at once approve without hesitation or reflection. Paintings of nature, whether animate or inanimate, genuine pictures of what we see and hear, cannot fail to please almost every reader; because to perceive the perfection of this art, nothing more is requisite, than that he have eyes and ears. The great merit of the *Seasons* consists in this kind of painting, and every reader of feeling was highly pleased to find the picture so like the original, and in many instances so lively and strong, as to present to the fancy more striking images than had been done by the original itself. Hence the general approbation with which *Winter* was received.

The critics, on the other hand, either had no feeling at all, or had renounced it as a delusive and uncertain guide. They had learned to judge by rules, and these in the present case they either could not apply at all, or when they could, they found no great cause to approve. The truth is, this was a kind of poetry altogether new, which was not included under any species of it described by the greatest masters of the art. Two questions therefore naturally arose about it; one, whether it was poetry at all? the other, if it was, what was its merit? The determination of these important points held the critics in suspense; while the bulk of readers eagerly read and admired. If again they examined the style by the rules of poetical composition, they found here also great reason for reserve; the boldness of the metaphors, the many new compounded words, and the inaccuracies they found in this first specimen, did not at all dispel that hesitation they had thought proper to adopt.

A stingy critic may get the better of an author, but he never can get the better of the public. His

very existence consists in his thinking he has them for his followers, and that he is the dictator of their taste. If he finds they will not follow him, he must resolve, for self-interest, to follow them. This was the state of the critics in the present case. They found it in vain to endeavour to persuade people they were not pleased, when they felt themselves so. They became therefore either entirely silent, or joined in the general applause.

The wishes of the public now concurred with Mr Thomson's own inclination, that he should undertake and finish the other Seasons in the same manner he had done *Winter*. This plan was immediately begun, and the character that had been acquired by the first publication was fully supported by that of *Summer* in the year 1727, of *Spring* the year following, and of *Autumn* in the quarto edition of the whole in the year 1730.

Whilst he was composing the *Seasons*, our Author had at intervals likewise finished his tragedy of *Sophonisba*, which was acted with applause in the year 1729, and his poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton. This poem is a sublime general account of the discoveries of that immortal genius. The scientific part our Author had from his friend Mr Gray; the dress and ornaments are all his own. About this time also he published his poem entitled *Britannia*, to rouse the nation to revenge the encroachments of the Spaniards in America. This is the only piece of Mr Thomson's, that can strictly be called occasional. It partakes, however, so little of the nature of the general run of compositions of this kind, that its principles and spirit must always please every friend of liberty and human nature.

The success of *Winter* had raised our Author's reputation so high, that, from its first publication,

His acquaintance was solicited by persons of taste of all ranks. Many ladies of distinction too, to the honour of their judgment and good sense, declared themselves his friends and admirers. On this occasion also, he got acquainted with the worthy Dr Rundle, afterwards Bishop of Derry, who recommended him so warmly to the Lord Chancellor Talbot, that his eldest son being about this time to set out on his travels, he made choice of Mr Thomson as a proper person to attend him.

This was a scene of life, to our Author altogether new, filled with the most flattering views of interest, pleasure, and improvement. The young nobleman's character was the most promising imaginable: his external figure and address most graceful and elegant; his taste and genius much beyond his years, accompanied with a good and generous heart. Our Author himself had here the most ample field the world could afford to gratify his curiosity and strong turn for observation. He had inanimate nature before him, in many different forms; but chiefly the great efforts of the human mind in government, cultivation and arts, and the various effects these produce on the sentiments and manners of mankind. His noble companion and he spent several most agreeable years in visiting every great object, whether of nature or art, Europe could afford, and returned home with their minds much enlarged and improved. The observations he made, afforded materials to our Author for his excellent poem on *Liberty*, which may be considered as a history of his travels, and which he composed after his return to England.

While he was employed on this pleasant subject, to which he had a strong natural attach-

ment; while he was recalling and enjoying afresh the exquisite pleasure, the real survey of the objects had presented to him, with all the agreeable associations connected with them; while he had before him the most comfortable prospect of future independence, with which his generous patron had rewarded his merit; from this height of happiness, he was at once thrown down by a most severe reverse of fortune. This was no less than the death, first of his noble fellow-traveller, and soon after, that of the great Lord Chancellor himself. By this stroke, he found himself deprived of his place as secretary of briefs, which fell with his patron. But this was his least distress. The blow affected deeply the whole nation; what then must our Author, naturally so sympathising, so warm in his friendships, so well acquainted with their worth, have felt? Those only who have a heart like his can tell. His frame of mind is strongly marked by his conduct on this occasion: for though the succeeding chancellor kept his place vacant for some time, probably to give him an opportunity of applying for it, he was so sunk and indifferent, that he never would take the least step to obtain it.

Time, however, and the natural fortitude of his own mind, at length got entirely the better of this severe shock. He recovered his usual spirit and good humour, paid his addresses again to the tragic muse, and in 1728, presented to the stage his tragedy of *Agamemnon*, which was well received, and yielded him a considerable sum. This, together with the profits arising from the printing of his works, enabled him to continue his former elegant, though simple way of living, till he was relieved by the generosity of his Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales.

The world is well acquainted with the uncommonly great and good character of this Prince; and our Author became the object of his bounty, in a manner that does the highest honour to all the persons concerned in it. Lord Lyttleton, who was then his chief favourite, unacquainted with Mr Thomson, unsolicited by any of his friends, prompted only by the merit of his works, recommended him to his Royal Highness; upon which recommendation alone, he generously settled on him a handsome annuity; and ever after honoured him with particular marks of his kindness and condescension.

Our Author, in 1739, offered to the theatre his tragedy of *Edward and Eleonora*. But, what must certainly astonish the reader, if he does not look farther than the piece itself, (one of the most virtuous, inoffensive plays ever was written) this performance was refused a license.

There is no mark of distinction or resentment, however frivolous and remote, that party-spirit running high will not take hold of, to display itself. The ministry had been lately galled with some theatrical representations, that had been generally interpreted as pointed against them, which had produced the stage-act, in order to bring these representations under their controul. The Prince of Wales dissatisfied with the conduct of public affairs, had joined and headed the opposition to the measures of the Court; and our Author was looked upon as a dependant of his Royal Highness: without therefore, once casting an eye on the performance, the only consideration was, who was the author, and resentment against the Prince of Wales, damned the play of *Edward and Eleonora*.

This farce was completed by a droll accident that followed. Our author himself wrote a very bad hand. When on any occasion, therefore, he wanted a fair copy of any of his works, he commonly employed one Mr Paterfon, an intimate acquaintance, to write it out for him. This gentleman was himself a poet, and had wrote a tragedy on the subject of Arminius the German hero. The play was presented for a license, but immediately on its being observed to be in the same hand-writing with *Edward and Eleonora*, was consigned to oblivion without further examination.

Next year, our Author, jointly with Mr Mallet, wrote the *Masque of Alfred*, by the command of his patron the Prince of Wales, for the entertainment of his Court in the summer season; and it was accordingly acted at Clifden this year, on the birth-day of her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta.

For the five following years, till 1746, our Author was employed in writing his tragedy of *Tancred and Sigismunda*, and *The Castle of Indolence*. The tragedy was acted 1745, with great applause, and still continues to draw crowded houses. *The Castle of Indolence*, in its first design, was no more than a humorous attempt to retaliate on some few friends, who accused him of indolence, while he thought them equally obnoxious to the same accusation. He soon however found the subject worthy of more serious consideration, and qualified to convey some important moral instruction.

These were the chief of our Author's works, published in his own lifetime. The play of *Coriolanus* was not represented till after his death, which happened on the 27th of August 1740.

His usual summer residence was at Richmond. When the weather did not allow him to go by water between Richmond and London, his common practice was to walk at that distance, for he had a great aversion against riding, accompanied with any friend he could pick up, to entertain him by the way. One evening he was alone, and being a little impatient, overheated himself before he reached Hammersmith, where he imprudently took a boat to carry him to Kew: he caught cold on the river, and next day found himself in a high fever. This, however, though he was of a full habit of body, by the help of proper medicines, was so far removed, that he thought himself out of danger; and, tempted by the fine weather, ventured to expose himself again to the evening dews. The fever returned with such violence, as now left no hopes of recovery. Mr Mitchel, Mr Reid, and Dr Armstrong, hastened with the greatest expedition to his assistance, as soon as they heard of his relapse, but arrived only in time to see him expire.

His executors were Lord Lyttleton, and Mr Mitchel. Their first care was to bring his tragedy of *Coriolanus* on the stage with the greatest advantage. Lord Lyttleton himself condescended to write the prologue, which was universally admired; and it was spoken with the greatest applause by Mr Quin, who had lived long in habits of the most intimate friendship with our Author. When he pronounced the tender lines,

“ ————Forgive this gushing tear,

“ Alas, I feel I am no actor here !”

intended by the author to describe his own feelings, he was perfectly overcome, and real tears rushed from his eyes. The profits arising from this play, and the sale of some remaining manu-

scripts and effects, raised a sum sufficient to pay all his debts; and a considerable reversion besides that, was remitted to his sisters.

He was buried in Richmond church, under a stone without any inscription. About the year 1762, the noble design was proposed to erect for him a monument in Westminster-abbey; an honour to which his memory was well entitled. The plan fixed upon for raising the money necessary to defray the expence of the undertaking, was to publish by subscription a splendid quarto edition of his works; the entire profits of which were to be applied for this purpose. The plan was immediately put in execution, and a large catalogue of great names soon subscribed: it was further agreed, that in case any sum happened to remain, after paying all expences, it should be remitted to his relations. The direction of the work was put into the hands of a man of business, a worthy friend of our Author; this gentleman, by a well-intended, though ill-judged parsimony, committed the execution to an inferior artist, who erected a monument, not indeed destitute of merit, but which does no honour to the Abbey, our Author, or the present age.

Mr Thomson certainly had one of the best hearts ever inhabited a human breast: he possessed all the higher virtues; the love of his friends, of his country, of mankind, in the most exalted degree. We see in every page almost of his works, the most benevolent emotions towards his fellow-creatures, the most ardent desires to promote the interests of humanity, attended with the greatest abhorrence of whatever has the contrary tendency. These virtues were not theory only with him; he reduced them to practice as far as his influence could reach: he took

no part in the poetical factions that then ran high, and was universally respected by persons of all sides; he was never heard to utter a disrespectful word of any man, except when he thought his conduct flowed from something dishonourable or immoral, at which he always showed the quickest disgust; he was endowed with great sensibility of mind, which often displayed itself strongly in his voice, looks, and gesture. When alone, and employed in meditation, his appearance was rather heavy and unpromising; but if he was accosted by a friend; or any external object struck his attention, his looks and gesture became expressive and animated, so that the beholder almost anticipated his sentiments before he uttered them. If he read a piece of poetry, expressive of little emotion, he executed it with propriety and distinctness; but if it contained any strong passion, the sympathy of his own feelings deprived him almost entirely of the use of his organs of articulation; he read it in such a manner that no man could understand it.

He possessed an exquisite taste in most of the fine arts; particularly painting, sculpture, architecture, and music: he had great opportunity in his travels of gratifying and refining his natural taste for these arts, by the exhibitions of them that passed under his review, and his descriptions of many of them in his *Liberty* show what impression they had made upon him.

He had read and studied, with great care, all the best writers of antiquity, particularly the poets, which he greatly admired. The performances among the moderns that chiefly attracted his attention were history and travels. By these he furnished his imagination in the best manner he could with ideas of those appearances of na-

ture and art, which could not fall under his own observation. His *Seasons* abound with instances of the noble use he made of these accounts.

With regard to the poetical merit of his works, it is undoubtedly very great. The long time they have already continued in possession of a high degree of public favour, is the most incontestible proof of their excellence. His *Seasons*, however, are certainly his capital performance. They have undergone more editions than any other part of his works, and we may venture to predict, that his fame with posterity will chiefly depend on them. We do not intend by this observation to depreciate his plays, which have certainly great merit, we mean only that they are not so perfect in the dramatic department as the *Seasons* are in the descriptive.

His *Plays* are evidently wrote upon the model of the ancient tragedy, whereof, we have observed, he was a great admirer. His characters, like theirs, are always few in number, his plots extremely simple, and abounding with few incidents. The different circumstances of modern times have exposed this method to some inconveniencies to which it was not liable among the ancients. Their plays were not so long as ours. Their plays, including the choruses, of which there is at least one in every act, are scarcely so long as the shortest of ours, in which there is no chorus at all. The choruses occupied a considerable part of the time of the representation, as they were accompanied with music, but generally contributed very little towards carrying on the business which was transacted in the other parts of the play. They consisted chiefly of general encomiums on virtue and the good characters of the piece, and commiseration of the distressed.

Hence an ancient audience might be kept together as long as a modern one, with a play of fewer incidents, or much less business.

The rule, that the action on no pretence whatsoever should be suspended, or even retarded, seems founded on solid principles, and the experience of all refined ages, and is, perhaps, never transgressed in the best ancient tragedies. No beauty of language or sentiment can compensate for the neglect of this rule. An audience comes together to see an action represented, not to hear declamation, and they expect to be troubled with no more words than are absolutely necessary for carrying it on, and informing them fully of every particular about it they may desire to know.

The capital objection against Mr Thomson's plays, seems to arise from this quarter. His plots, although they contain incidents enough to have furnished out a tragedy on the Greek theatre, or one of three acts, like Metastasio's among the Moderns, seem too simple and naked for one of five. The necessary consequence of this was, that he was obliged to spin out every circumstance to the greatest length. His characters behaved to reason and declaim a great deal, which rendered both the speeches and the scenes too long. These are circumstances inconsistent altogether with a high degree of passion, that never declaims, and reasons very little. Hence appears the cause why none of our Author's plays now appear upon the theatre, except one, to which this objection does not much apply. The noble sentiments they contain, the beauties of description with which they abound, and their invariable strong virtuous tendency, render them indeed a most profitable and pleasant entertainment, and must always

support a great degree of reputation: but we may venture to affirm, that they will never be much called for on the theatre, and that indeed they are defective with regard to the great end of tragedy, the raising, in our Author's own words, the passions to their full tumult of emotion.

His *Seasons*, however, seem to promise to carry our Author's fame to the latest posterity, while any sparks of true taste, or the knowledge of the English language shall remain. Here our Author discovered a path to fame almost entirely new, and shines with all the lustre of an original. The great merit of the *Seasons* consists in their being a faithful and exact copy of the different appearances of nature which they describe; and it must be allowed, that the picture is so perfect, the selection of circumstances so proper and striking, that few readers can complain of any thing material being omitted; in many instances, the general run of readers find more circumstances in the picture, than they could perceive in the original, and must therefore receive more lively ideas from his descriptions, and consequently more pleasure, than from the actual survey of the objects in nature. Our Author's observation and sensibility made him attend to particulars, that escape ordinary beholders. He used to wander in the country for days and weeks together, attentive to each rural sight, each rural sound. He often listened at his window, for whole hours together, to the nightingales in Richmond gardens.

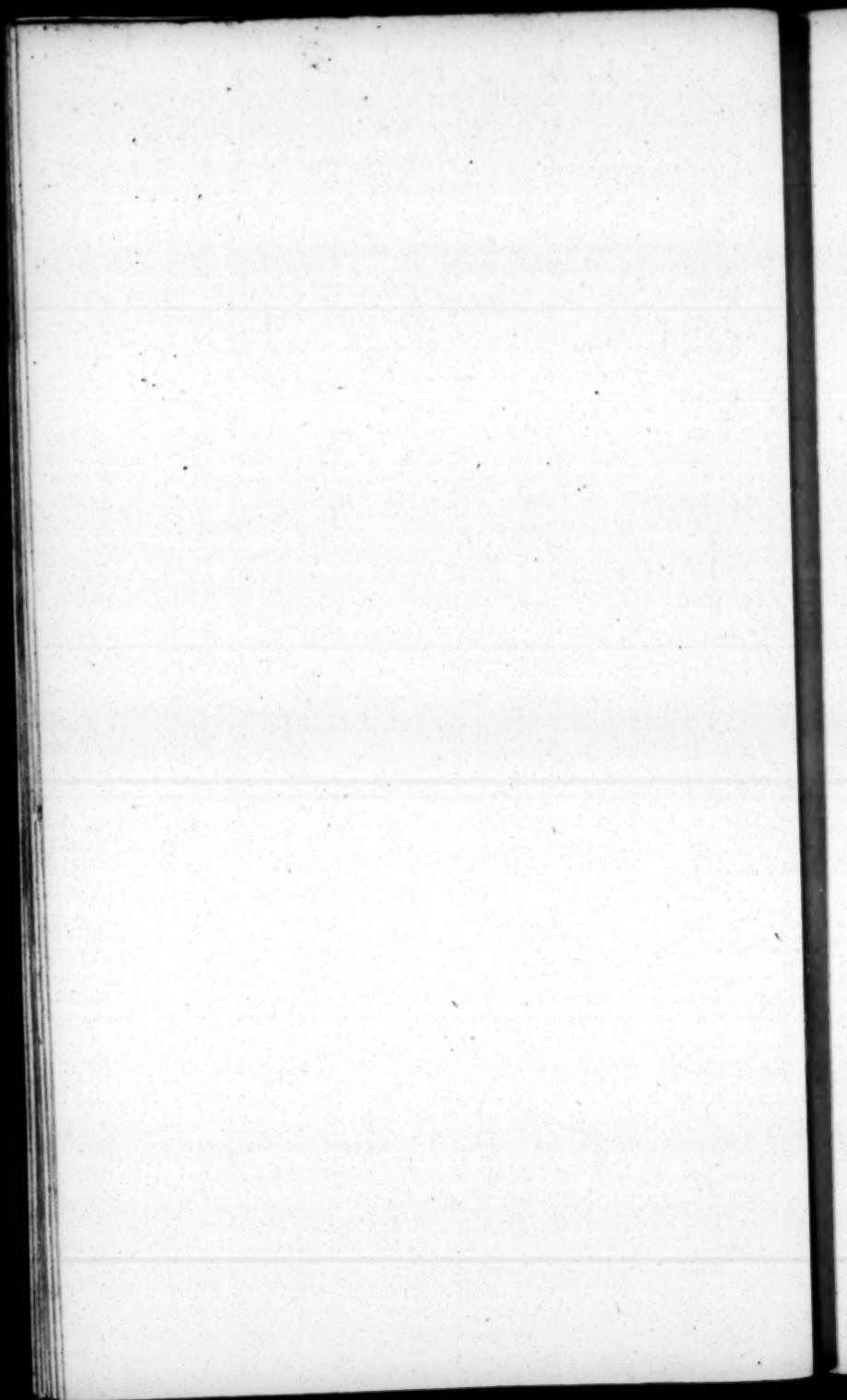
This kind of poetry is addressed to the feelings of all mankind, because the objects it describes have fallen more or less under the observation of every person. This is the reason of the universal demand for this part of our Author's work,

for every one must be pleased with good pictures, of which they know the originals.

The merit of this species of poetry, is certainly inferior to that addressed to the passions, or the productions of the epic and tragic muses; it seems, however, with justice to claim rank next to them, as it is addressed to the imagination, a faculty calculated to yield a very refined degree of pleasure, next to that arising from the passions.

Edin. July 15.

1768.



S P R I N G.

VOL. I.

D

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of HARTFORD. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and last on man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

S P R I N G.

COME, gentle **SPRING**, ethereal Mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O HARTFORD, fitted or to shine in courts 5
With unaffected grace; or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. 10

And see where surly **WINTER** passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And **WINTER** oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20
Deform the day delightless; so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph'd
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

At last from *Aries* rolls the bounteous Sun,
And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;

But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding Heaven. 31

Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lyes in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.

There, narefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Chear'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40

Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and side-long lays the glebe.

White thro' the neighb'ring fields the sower stalks,
With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain 45
Into the faithful bosom of the ground;
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers descend! 50
And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun,

Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the *rural* Maro sung 55

To wide imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes 60
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,

Disdaining little delicacies, seized

The plough, and greatly independent liv'd. 63

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough ;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread her treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded : as the sea,

Far thro' his azure turbulent domain, 70

Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wasts all the pomp of life into your ports ;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world ! 75

Nor only thro' the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes ; the penetrative sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the streaming *Power* 80

At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,
In various hues ; but chiefly thee, gay *Green* !
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe !

United light and shade ; where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new-delight ! 85

From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye !
The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves

Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, 90
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,

In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales ;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd

In all the colours of the flushing year, 95

By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air

With lavish fragrance ; while the promis'd fruit
Lyes yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,

Within its crimson folds. Now from the town 100
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
 drops

From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze
 Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk ; 109
 Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend
 Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,
 And see the country, far diffus'd around,
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
 Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptur'd eye 110
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath]
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies :
 It, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
 The clammy mildew ; or, dry-blowing, breathe 115
 Untimely frost ; before whose baleful blast
 The full-blown Spring thro' all her foliage shrinks,
 Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste.
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy North,
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp 120
 Keen in the poison'd breeze ; and wasteful eat,
 Thro' buds and bark, into the blackened core
 Their eager way. A feeble race ! yet oft
 The sacred sons of vengeance ; on whose course
 Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year. 125
 To check this plague the skilful farmer, chaff,
 And blazing straw, before his orchard burns ;
 Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
 From every cranny suffocated falls :
 Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust 130
 Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe :
 Or, when th' invenom'd leaf begins to curl,
 With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest ;

Nor, while they peck them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares. 135

Be patient, swains ; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
Those deepening clouds on clouds, furcharg'd with
rain,

That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze, 140
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.

The north-east spends his rage ; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive South
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise, 146

Scarce staining æther ; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom : 150

Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath 155

Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem, thro' delusive lapse,
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all, 160

And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off ; 165

And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand

The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise, 176
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
 In large effusion, o'er the fresh'ned world. 176
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander through the forest-walk,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs 186
 And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap!
 Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
 And, while the milky nutriment distills,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round.
 Thus all day long the full-distended clouds 188
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam. 190
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd mountain, through the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems. 195
 Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs
 around;
 Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
 Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
 And hollow lows responsive from the vales, 200
 Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr springs.
 Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand æthereal bow

Shoots up immense ; and every hue unfolds,
 In fair proportion running from the red, 205
 To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here, awful Newton ! the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prison ;
 And to the sage instructed eye unfold
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd 210
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy ;
 He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory ; but amaz'd
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly, 215
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
 A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
 Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,
 The balmy treasures of the former day. 220
 Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
 Of botanist to number up their tribes :
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
 In silent search ; or through the forest, rank 225
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain-rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand has Nature stung
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds 230
 Innumerable, mix'd them with the nursing mould,
 The moistening current, and prolific rain.
 But who their virtues can declare ? who pierce,
 With vision pure, into these secret stores
 Of health, and life, and joy ? the food of man, 235
 While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years ; unlesst in blood,
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,

Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit and disease;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world. 240

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see

The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam :

For their light slumbers gently fum'd away ;

And up they rose as vigorous as the sun, 245

Or to the culture of the willing glebe,

Or to the chearful tendence of the flock.

Meantime the song went round ; and dance and sport,

Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole

Their hours away ; while in the rosy vale 250

Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,

And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain

That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.

Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,

Was known among those happy sons of HEAVEN ;

For reason and benevolence were law. 256

Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.

Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,

And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun

Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds 260

Drop'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead,

The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.

This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,

The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart

Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy. 265

For music held the whole in perfect peace :

Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard,

Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round

Apply'd their quire ; and winds and waters flow'd

In consonance. Such were those prime of days. 270

But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence

The fabling poets took their golden age,

Are found no more amid these iron times,

These dregs of life ! Now the distemper'd mind

Has lost that concord of harmonious powers 275
 Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
 Is off the poise within: the passions all
 Have burst their bounds; and reason, half extinct,
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees
 The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd, 280
 Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,
 And silent, settles into full revenge.
 Base envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
 Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full, 285
 Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
 Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
 Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
 That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire, 290
 Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.
 Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
 Of life impatient, into madness swells,
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours. 295
 These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
 From ever-changing views of good and ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
 With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling, grows
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 300
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
 Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
 Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:
 At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
 And joyless inhumanity pervades 305
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.
 Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
 The central waters round, impetuous rush'd, 310

With universal burst, into the gulf,
 And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast ;
 Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe. 315

The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
 Oppress'd a broken world : the Winter keen
 Shook forth his waste of snows ; and Summer shot
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
 Green'd all the year ; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
 In social sweetness, on the self-same bough. 321

Pure was the temperate air ; an even calm
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
 Breath'd o'er the blue expanse : for then nor storms
 Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage ; 325
 Sound slept the waters ; no sulphureous glooms
 Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth ;
 While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
 Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.

But now, of turbid elements the sport, 330
 From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,
 And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
 Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
 Their period finish'd e'er 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies ; 335
 Tho' with the pure exhilarating soul

Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
 Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious bless'd,
 For, with hot ravine fir'd, infanguin'd man
 Is now become the lion of the plain, 340

And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drank her milk,
 Nor wore her warming fleece : nor has the steer,
 At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs,
 E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
 With hunger stung and wild necessity, 345

Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
 But *Man*, whom nature form'd of milder clay,
 With every kind emotion in his heart,
 And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap 350
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,
 Or beams that gave them birth : shall he, fair form !
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 355
 And dip his tongue in gore ? The beast of prey,
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed : but you, ye flocks,
 What have you done ; ye peaceful people, what,
 To merit death ? you who have given us milk
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 360
 Against the winter's cold ? And the plain ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
 In what has he offended ? he, whose toil,
 Patient and ever-ready, clothes the land
 With all the pomp of harvest ; shall he bleed, 365
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
 Even of the clown he feeds ? and that, perhaps,
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour ? Thus the feeling heart
 Would tenderly suggest ; but 'tis enough, 370
 In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
 Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
 High HEAVEN forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise. 375

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away ;
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
 Descends the billowy foam : now is the time,
 While yet the dark brown water aids the guile, 380
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
 The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,

Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And all thy slender watery stores prepare.
 But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm, 385
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallowed deep,
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand. 390
 When with his lively ray the potent sun
 Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
 Then, issuing chearful, to thy sport repair;
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,
 And light o'er æther bear the shadowy clouds. 395
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
 The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave
 Their little naiads love to sport at large. 400
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
 Reverted plays in undulating flow,
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly; 405
 And as you lead it round in artful curve,
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.
 Strait as above the surface of the flood
 They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook: 410
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
 And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
 With various hand proportion'd to their force.
 If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod, 415
 Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
 He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven,
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream

The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots 420
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear. 425
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode; 430
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now 435
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gayly drag your unresisting prize. 439

Thus pass the temperate hours; but when the sun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
Even shooting listless languor thro' the deeps;
Then seek the bank where flowering elders croud,
Where, scatter'd wild, the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang 445
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade:
Or ly reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk, 450
High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Thro' rural scenes; such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song.

Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift 455
Athwart imagination's vivid eye :

Or by the vocal woods and waters lul'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things, 460
Soothe every gust of passion into peace ;
All but the swellings of the softened heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint 465
Like Nature ? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers ?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows ? If fancy then 470

Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah what shall language do ? ah where find words
Ting'd with so many colours ; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales, 475
That, inexhaustive, flow continual round ?

Yet, tho' successful, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love !
And thou, AMANDA, come, pride of my song ! 480
Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself !

Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy, and the feeling heart : 485

Oh come ! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning-dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets. 490

See where the winding vale its lavish stores,
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
 The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass,
 Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
 In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk, 495
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
 Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
 Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 500
 Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
 The negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild;
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic *Art*, she spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.

Here their delicious task the fervent bees 505
 In swarming millions tend: around, athwart
 Thro' the soft air, the busy nations fly
 Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul:
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare 510
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alléys green.
 Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye 515
 Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps;
 Now meets the bending sky; the river now
 Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake, 520
 The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
 Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.

But why so far excursive? when at hand,
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers, 525
 Fair-handed Spring unboloms every grace;

Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first ;
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes ;
 The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown ; 530
 And lavish stock, that scents the garden round :
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
 Anemonies ; auriculas, enrich'd
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;
 And full ranunculas, of glowing red. 535
 Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
 Her idle freaks ; from family diffus'd
 To family, as flies the father-dust,
 The varied colours run ; and, while they *break*
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks, 540
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,
 First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes :
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin-white,
 Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils, 545
 Of potent fragrance ; nor Narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks ;
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose.
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 550
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, SOURCE OF BEING ! UNIVERSAL SOUL
 Of Heaven and earth ! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail
 To THEE I bend the knee ; to THEE my thoughts,
 Continual, climb ; who, with a master hand, 555
 Hast the great Whole into perfection touch'd.
 By THEE the various vegetative tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
 Draw the live æther, and imbibe the dew : 560
 By THEE dispos'd into congenial soils,
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells

The juicy tide ; a twining mass of tubes.

At THY command the vernal sun awakes

The torpid sap, detruded to the root

565

By wint'ry winds ; that now, in fluent dance,

And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads

All this innumerable colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world

My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend

570

My panting Muse : and hark, how loud the woods

Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.

Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh, pour

The mazy-running soul of melody

Into my varied verse ! while I deduce,

575

From the first note the hollow cuckow sings,

The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme

Unknown to fame, *the passion of the groves.*

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,

Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart

580

Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,

In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing ;

And try again the long forgotten strain,

At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows

The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,

585

Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows

In music unconfined. Up springs the lark,

Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn ;

Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings

Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts

590

Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse

Deep-tangled, tree-irregular, and bush

Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads

Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,

Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush

595

And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng

Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length

Of notes, when listening Philomela deigns

To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day. 600

The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove :
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade 605
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert ; while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole. 610

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love ;
That even to birds and beasts the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love 615
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring, by a thousand tricks, to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance 620
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening, the least approbance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance ; then, on a sudden struck
Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ; 625
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ; 630
That NATURE's great command may be obey'd :
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;

Some to the rude protection of the thorn 635
Commit their feeble offspring : the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart, far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight, 645
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes ;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry thro' the busy air, 650
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserv'd, 655
Steal from the barn a straw : till soft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight, 660
Tho' the whole loosened Spring around her blows,
Her sympathising lover takes his stand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away ; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden sits 665
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food 670

With constant clamour : O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize ! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and, undesiring, bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young ; 675
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cot, amid the distant woods, 680
 Sustain'd alone by providential HEAVEN,
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant-train,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn : exalting love,
 By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd, 685
 Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race,
 And, to the *simple*, art. With stealthy wing,
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop ;
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690
 Th' unfeeling schoolboy. Hence, around the head
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on,
 In long excursion, skims the level lawn, 694
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
 O'er the rough moss ; and, o'er the trackless waste,
 The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud ! to lead
 The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse asham'd, here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man 700
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost ;
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes, 705
 Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.

Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.

710

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately framed
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night; and on the bough,
Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

715

720

725

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky:
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown.
Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.
'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing through the
woods,

730

With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
In loose vibration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly

735

740

The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command,
 Or push them off. The surging air receives
 The plummy burden, and their self-raught wings
 Winnow the waving element. On ground 745
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
 Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
 Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
 Rous'd into life and action, light in air
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750
 And, once rejoicing, never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost * Kilda's shore, whose lonely race
 Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds, 755
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
 For ages, of his empire; which, in peace, 760
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
 Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs, 765
 In early Spring, his airy city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around, 770
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
 The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan 775

* The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his oſſer-iſle,
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
 Loud-threatening, reddens; while the peacock ſpreads
 His every-colour'd glory to the ſun, 781
 And ſwims in radiant majeſty along.

O'er the whole homely ſcene, the cooing dove
 Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck. 785

While thus the gentle tenants of the ſhade
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
 Of brutes, below, ruſh furious into flame,
 And fierce deſire. Thro' all his luſty veins
 The bull, deep-ſcorch'd, the raging paſſion feels. 790
 Of paſture ſick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce ſeen he wades among the yellow broom,
 While o'er his ample ſides the rambling ſprays
 Luxuriant ſhoot; or through the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud 795
 Crops, though it preſſes on his careleſs ſenſe.

And oft, in jealous mad'ning fancy wrapt,
 He ſeeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.

Him ſhould he meet, the bellowing war begins; 800
 Their eyes ſaſh fury; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the ſand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix;
 While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling ſteed,
 With this hot impulſe ſeiz'd in every nerve, 806

Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the ſounding thong:
 Blows are not felt: but toſſing high his head,
 And by the well-known joy to diſtant plains
 Attracted ſtrong, all wild he burſts away; 810
 O'er rocks and woods, and craggy mountains flies;

And, neighing, on th' ærial summit takes
 Th' exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
 Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream 815
 Turns in black eddies round; such is the force
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
 Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:
 From the deep ooze, and gelid cavern rous'd, 820
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
 Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
 How by this flame their native wrath sublimed,
 They roam amid the fury of their heart, 825
 The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
 And growl their horrid loves. But this, the theme
 I sing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 830
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
 Around him feeds his many bleating flock,
 Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
 This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
 Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race 835
 Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the mossy mound
 That runs around the hill; the rampart once
 Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
 When disunited BRITAIN ever bled, 840
 Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
 Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift their golden heads;
 And o'er our labours, *Liberty* and *Law*,
 Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world! 845

What is this *mighty Breath*, ye sages, say,
 That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,

Instructs the fowls of heaven; and thro' their breasts
These arts of love diffuses? what but GOD;

Inspiring GOD! who boundless Spirit all, 850

And unremitting Energy, pervades,

Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.

He ceaseless works alone; and yet alone

Seems not to work: with such perfection fram'd

Is this complex, stupendous scheme of things. 855

But tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye

Th' informing Author in his works appears:

Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,

The SMILING GOD is seen; while water, earth,

And air attest his bounty; which exalts 860

The brute creation to this finer thought,

And annual melts their undesigning hearts.

Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,

And sing th' infusive force of Spring on man; 865

When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie

To raise his being, and serene his soul.

Can he forbear to join the general smile

Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,

While every gale is peace, and every grove 870

Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks

Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,

Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;

Or only lavish to yourselves; away!

But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought.

Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns 875

With warmest beam; and on your open front

And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat

Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invoc'd,

Can restless goodness wait; your active search 880

Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;

Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprising oft

The lonely heart with unexpected good.

For you the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world; 886
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
 Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
 Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head;
 Life flows afresh; and young-eyed Health exalts 890
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought, and contemplation still. 895
 By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
 And warms the bosom; till at last sublimed,
 To rapture and enthusiastie heat,
 We feel the present DIETY, and taste
 The joy of GOD to see a happy world! 900
 These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
 Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
 O LYTTLETON, the friend! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the Muse, thro' *Hagley-park* thou stray'st;
 Thy *British Tempe*! There along the dale, 906
 With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthened vista through the trees, 910
 You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace; the herds, the flocks, the birds, 915
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,

You wander through the philosophic world ; 620
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.
 And oft, conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time :
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind, 925
 And honest zeal unwarp'd by party rage,
 BRITANNIA's weal ; how from the venal gulf
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The Muses charm : while, with sure taste refin'd, 930
 You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song ;
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
 Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine attuned. Then Nature all
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love ; 935
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,
 Toss'd by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
 The tender heart is animated peace ;
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
 In varied converse, softening every theme, 940
 You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
 Where meekened sense, and amiable grace,
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink,
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
 Unutterable happiness ! which love, 945
 Alone, bestows, and on a *favour'd few*.
 Meantime you gain the height from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around :
 And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between, 950
 And villages embosomed soft in trees,
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams ;
 Wide-stretching from the *Hall*, in whose kind haunt
 The *hospitable Genius* lingers still, 955

To where the broken landscape, by degrees,
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills ;
 O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year. 965

Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;
 Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth ;
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
 In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves, 965
 With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.

From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
 Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair ! 970

Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts :
 Dare not th' infectious sigh ; the pleading look
 Down-cast, and low, in meek submission dress'd,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth, 975
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
 While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love, 980

Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,
 When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.
 Then wisdom prostrate lyes, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away ; while the fond soul,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal blis, 985

Still paints th' illusive form ; the kindling grace ;
 Th' enticing smile ; the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death ;
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear, 990
 Her syren-voice, inehanting, draws him on
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

Even present, in the very lap of love
 Inglorious laid ; while music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine and wanton hours ; 995
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
 Her snaky crest ; a quick returning pang
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart ; where honour still,
 And great design, against th' oppressive load
 Of luxury, by fits impatient heave. 1000

But absent, what fantastic woes, arrous'd,
 Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life !
 Neglected fortune flies : and sliding swift,
 Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs. 1005

'Tis nought but gloom around : the darken'd sun
 Loses his light. The rosy-bosomed Spring
 To weeping Fancy pines ; and yon bright arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky vault
 All nature fades extinct : and she alone 1010
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
 Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends ;
 And sad amid the social band he sits,
 Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue 1015
 Th' unfinish'd period falls : while borne away,
 On swelling thought, his wasted spirit flies
 To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;
 And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
 In melancholy site, with head declin'd, 1020

And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
 Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
 To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms ;
 Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
 Romantic, hangs ; there thro' the pensive dusk 1025
 Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
 Indulging all to love : or on the bank

Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
 Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day, 1038
 Nor quits his deep retirement till the Moon
 Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
 Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
 Leads on the gentle Hours; then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beam, 1039
 With soft'ned soul, and woos the bird of eve
 To mingle woes with his: or, while the world
 And all the sons of Care ly hush'd in sleep,
 Associates with the midnight-shadows drear;
 And sighing to the lonely taper, pours 1040
 His idly tortur'd heart into the page
 Meant for the moving messenger of love:
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
 With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies: 1045
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
 In any posture finds; till the grey morn
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
 Exanimate by love; and then perhaps,
 Exhausted nature sinks a while to rest, 1050
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
 Oft with th' inchantress of his soul he talks;
 Sometimes in crouds distressed; or if retir'd 1055
 To secret-winding flower-enwoven bowers,
 Far from the dull impertinence of man,
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand he knows not how,
 Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths 1061
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,

Back, from the bending precipice ; or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach 1065
 The farther shore ; where succourless and sad,
 She with extended arms his aid employs ;
 But strives in vain ; borne by th' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy, sinks. 1070

These are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall, 1075
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all
 Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
 Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
 Farewel ! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
 Shine out your last ! the yellow-tinging plague 1080
 Internal vision taints, and in a night
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.

Ah, then ! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed ;
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire ; 1086
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
 Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
 And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views 1090
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
 For which he melts in fondness, eats him up
 With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail, 1095
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
 Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
 Her first endearments, twining round the soul,

With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
 Streight the fierce storm involves his mind anew, 1109
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:
 For even the sad assurance of his fears
 Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
 Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds, 1109
 Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
 Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
 His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind! 1110
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself, 1111
 Attuning all their passions into love;
 Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence; for nought but love 1112
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parent buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1113
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days;
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
 Let eastern tyrants, from the light of heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd 1114
 Of a mere, lifeless, violated form:
 While those whom love cements in holy faith,
 And equal transport, free as nature live,

Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all ! 1135
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love, 1140
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees
The human blossom blows ; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm, 1145
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
The infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1150
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
O speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around, 1155
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various Nature pressing on the heart :
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books, 1160
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
In ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Will find them happy ; and consenting SPRING 1165
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild :
When, after the long vernal day of life,

Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

S U M M E R.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr DODDINGTON. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. The sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on GREAT BRITAIN. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

S U M M E R.

FROM brightening fields of æther fair disclos'd,
 Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
 In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth :
 He comes attended by the sultry hours,
 And ever-fanning breezes, on his way ; 5
 While, from his ardent look, the turning SPRING
 Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and Rives,
 All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
 Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom ;
 And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink 10
 Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
 Rolls o'er the rocky channel, ly at large,
 And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, *Inspiration!* from thy hermit-seat 15
 By mortal seldom found : may Fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
 Creative of the poet, every power
 Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. 20

And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
 In whom the human graces all unite :
 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart ;
 Genius, and wisdom ; the gay social sense,
 By decency chastis'd ; goodness and wit 25
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd ;
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
 For Britain's glory ; Liberty, and Man :

O DODDINGTON ! attend my rural song,
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line, 30
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world revolving power
 Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable void ! Thus to remain,
 Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35
 That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
 And all their labour'd monuments away,
 Firm, unremitting, matchless in their course ;
 To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
 And of the seasons ever stealing round, 40
 Minutely faithful : Such *th' all-perfect hand !*
 That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady *Whole*.

When now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night ; 45
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint gleaming in the dappled east ;
 'Till far o'er æther spreads the widening glow ;
 And, from before the lustre of her face, 50
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
 Brown Night retires : young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55
 Blue thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limp, awkward : while along the forest-glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes 60
 The native voice of undissembled joy ;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells ;

S U M M E R.

65

And from the crouded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

65

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
And springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?

70

Far is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To ly in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!

Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wildered, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams?

75

Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse,
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious morning walk?

80

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach

Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Assant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,

85

He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnith'd plays

On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering
streams,

High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer, Light! 90
Of all material beings first, and best!

Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!

Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt

In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!

Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen 95
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,

Thy system rolls entire: from the far bourn

Of utmost *Saturn*, wheeling wide his round 100
 Of thirty years ; to *Mercury*, whose disk
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train !

Without whose quick'ning glance their cumbrous orbs
 Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead, 106
 And not, as now, the green abodes of life !
 How many forms of being wait on thee !
 Inhaling spirit ; from th' unfetter'd mind,
 By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race, 110
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,

Parent of *Seasons* ! who the pomp precede
 That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain,
 Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 116
 In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
 Meantime th' expecting nations, circled gay
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
 A common hymn : while, round thy beaming car, 120
 High seen, the *Seasons* lead, in sprightly dance
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd *hours*,
 The *zephyrs* floating loose, the timely *rains*,
 Of bloom ethereal the light-footed *dews*,
 And soften'd into joy the surly *storms*. 125

These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower
 Herbs, flowers, and fruits ; till, kindling at thy touch,
 From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth, 130
 Graceful with hills, and dales, and leafy woods,
 Her liberal treasures, is thy force confin'd :
 But to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
 Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines : 135

Hence Labour draws his tools ; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day ; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee, 149
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.

The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact ; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Jares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast, 149
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.

At thee the Ruby lights its deep'ning glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the Sapphire, solid æther, takes
His hue cerulean ; and, of evening tinct, 150
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.

With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns.
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd
Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams ; 156
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucient stream
Plays o'er the mead. The præcipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys 163
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds,
Hude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170
And all the much transported Muse can sing,

Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
 Unequal far; great delegated source
 Of light and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him, 175
 Who, *Light Himself*, in uncreated light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven, 180
 That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky:
 But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
 And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
 Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet, was ev'ry faltering tongue of Man, 185
Almighty Father! silent in thy praise;
 Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
 Even in the depth of solitary woods
 By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
 And to the quire celestial THEE resound, 190
 Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!

To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd;
 And to peruse its all instructing page,
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
 Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate, 195
 My sole delight; as thro' the falling glooms
 Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
 On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
 Melts into limpid air the high-raisd clouds, 200
 And morning-fogs, that hover'd round the hills
 In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
 The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
 Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost, 205
 Dew-dropping *Coolness* to the shade retires;
 There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,

By gelid founts and careless rills to muse :
 While tyrant *Heat*, disspreading thro' the sky,
 With rapid sway, his burning influence darts 210
 On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
 Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
 Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
 When fevers revel thro' their azure veins. 215
 But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
 Drooping all night ; and, when he warm returns,
 Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning-task, the swain retreats ;
 His flock before him stepping to the fold : 221
 While the full-udder'd mothers low around
 The chearful cottage, then expecting food,
 The food of innocence, and health ! The daw,
 The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks 225
 That the calm village in their verdant arms,
 Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight ;
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
 Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene ; 230
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
 The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lyes,
 Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
 O'er hill and dale ; till, waken'd by the wasp, 235
 They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
 To let the little noisy summer-race
 Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song :
 Not mean, tho' simple : to the sun ally'd,
 From him they draw their animating fire. 240

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
 Come wing'd abroad ; by the light air upborne
 Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,

And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wintry storms ; or rising from their tombs, 245
 To higher life ; by myriads, forth at once,
 Swarming they pour ; of all the vary'd hues
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
 Ten thousand forms ! ten thousand different tribes !
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some 250
 By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool
 They, sportive, wheel ; or, sailing down the stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed trout,
 Or darting salmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
 Some love to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make 456
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
 And every latent herb ; for the sweet task,
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft beds their young yet undisclos'd, 460
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight :
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese :
 Oft inadvertent, from the milky stream
 They meet their fate ; or weltering in the bowl, 265
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
 A constant death ; where, gloomily retir'd,
 The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
 Mixture abbor'd ! Amid a mangled heap 270
 Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
 Near the dire cell the dreadful wanderer oft
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front ;
 The prey at last insnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;
 And fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs
 Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd : the fluttering wing,

And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

Resounds the living surface of the ground :
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses thro' the woods at noon ;
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lyes reclin'd,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 285
Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading even the microscopic eye !

Full nature swarms with life ; one wond'rous mass
Of animals or atoms organiz'd, 290

Waiting the *vital breath*, when PARENT HEAVEN
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary sen,

In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,

Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf 295

Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone

Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300

The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed

Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,

Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 305

Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,

With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,

Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems, 310

Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape

The grosser eye of man : for if the worlds
In worlds enclos'd should on his senses burst

From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl, 315
 He would abhorrent turn ; and in dead night,
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

Let no presuming impious railer tax

CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320

Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?

As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
 On swelling columnus heav'd, the pride of art ! 325

A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.

And lives the man whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things ;
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord, 330

As with unfaltering accent to conclude
 That this availeth nought ? Has any seen
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink 335
 Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate abyss !

From which astonish'd thought recoiling, turns ?
 Till then, alone let zealous praise ascend,
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340
 As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.

Thick in yon stream of light a thousand ways,
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
 The quivering nations sport ; till tempest-wing'd,
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day. 345
 Even so luxurious Men unheeding, pass
 An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
 A season's glitter ! Thus they flutter on
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice ;

Till blown away by death, oblivion comes 330
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead ;
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong ; full as the summer-rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 335
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.

Even stooping age is here ; and infant hands
Trail the long rake ; or with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll. 340
Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row

Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural sinell ;
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 345

And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love and social glee. 350

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool ; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore. 355

Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in : 360

Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labour to the farthest shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 365

The trout is banish'd by the fordid stream;
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill; and tofs'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
 At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
 Are in the watted pen innumeros press'd, 395
 Head above head; and, rang'd in lusty rows,
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
 With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round.
 One, chief, in gracious dignity inthron'd 400
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd king;
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
 Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace: 405
 Some mingling stir the melted tar; and some,
 Deep on the new shorn vagrant's heaving side,
 To stamp his master's cypher ready stand;
 Others th' unwilling wedder drag along;
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
 Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
 Behold, where bound, and of its robe bereft,
 By needy Man, that all-depending Lord,
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lyes!
 What softness in its melancholy face, 415
 What dumb complaining innocence appears!
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420
 Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene ! yet hence BRITANNIA sees
 Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands
 Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425
 The treasures of the sun without his rage :
 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil and arts,
 Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder hence
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
 Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast ; 430
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon ; and, vertical, the Sun
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns ; and all 435
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
 In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
 Stoops for relief ; thence hot ascending steams
 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440
 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
 Blast fancy's blooms, and wither even the soul.
 Echo no more returns the chearful sound
 Of sharpening scythe ; the mower, sinking, heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd ; 455
 And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
 Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants,
 The very streams look languid from afar ;
 Or, thro' th' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
 To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450

All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath !
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus
 Beam not so fierce ! Incessant still you flow,
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455
 And restless turn, and look around for Night :
 Night is far off ; and hotter hours approach.
 Thrice happy he ! who on the sunless side

Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines : 460
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
 Sits coolly calm ; while all the world without,
 Unsatisfy'd, and sick, tosses in noon.
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man, 465
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
 And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets hail !
 Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks ! 470
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
 As to the hunted hart the fallying spring,
 Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink. 475
 Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides ;
 The heart beats glad ; the fresh expanded eye
 And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit ;
 And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.

Around th' adjoining brook, that purles along 480
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain ;
 A various groupe the herds and flocks compose, 485
 Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank
 Some ruminating ly ; while others stand
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip
 The circling surface. In the middle droops
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490
 Which incompas'd he shakes ; and from his sides
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
 Slumbers the monarch-swain ; his careless arm
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd ;

Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd; 496
There, list'ning every noise, his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Thro' all the bright severity of noon;
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills. 504

Oft in this season too, the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye, 510
And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest
Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength!
Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst,
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide nostrils, snorting skims the wave. 515

Still let me pierce into the midnight-depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 520
And all is awful list'ning gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
Ecstatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms, 525
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thoughts, and warn the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare; 530
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives

His muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engaged) to turn the death; 535
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel 540
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep thro' my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
Of Fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
"Poor kindred Man! thy fellow-creatures, we. 545
"From the same *Parent-power* our beings drew,
"The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
"Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life,
"Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
"This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550
"Where purity and peace inmingle charms.
"Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
"Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
"By noisy folly and discordant vice,
"Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's GOD. 555
"Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
"When musing midnight reigns, or silent noon,
"Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
"And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,
"The deep'ning gale, or inmost silvan glade: 560
"A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
"On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
"Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

And art thou, * STANLEY, of that sacred band?
Alas, for us too soon! Tho' rais'd above 565

* A young lady, well known to the author, who died
at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy ; yet with a mingled ray
 Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe ;
 Who seeks thee still in many a former scene ; 570
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir'd : where moral wisdom mildly shone,
 Without the toil of art ; and virtue glow'd,
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575

But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears ;
 Or rather to *Parental Nature* pay
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
 Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth. 580
 Believe the Muse : the wint'ry blast of death
 Kills not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread,
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
 Thro' endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt, 585
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the sound
 Of a near fall of water every sense
 Wakes from the charm of thought : swift-shrinking
 back,

I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood 590
 Rolls fair, and placid ; where collected all,
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.

At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595
 And from the loud-resounding rocks below
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose :
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600

Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
 Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts ;
 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
 With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last, 605
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
 He clings, the keep-ascending eagle soars,
 With upward pinions thro' the flood of day ;
 And giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610
 Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,
 Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
 Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
 The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes, 615
 Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,
 Short interval of weary woe ! again
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
 Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds 620
 A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
 All in the freshness of the humid air ;
 There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head 625
 By flowering umbrage shaded ; where the bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
 Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
 While Nature lyes around deep-lull'd in Noon, 630
 Now come bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
 And view the wonders of the torrid zone :
 Climes unrelenting ! with whose rage compar'd,
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.
 See, how at once the bright effulgent sun, 635
 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky

The short-liv'd twilight ; and with ardent blaze
 Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling air :
 He mounts his throne ; but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640
 The * *general breeze*, to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
 Returning suns and † *double seasons* pass : 645
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays :
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills ; 650
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat, and floods 654
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
 Meridian gloom. Here in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660
 Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
 Bear me, Pomona ! to thy citron groves !
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the
 east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-
 east : caused by the pressure of the rarified air on that be-
 fore it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from
 east to west.

† In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he pas-
 ses and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year ver-
 tical, which produces this effect.

With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green,
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd 666
 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
 Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the maze,
 Embowering endless, of the Indian fig; 671
 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
 And high palmettos lift their graceful shade. 673
 O stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
 Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs 680
 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
 Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
 Witness, thou best Anana, thou the pride 683
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
 The poets imaged in the golden age:
 Quick let me strip thee of thy rusty coat,
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!
 From these the prospect varies. Plains immense 690
 Ly stretch'd below, interminable meads,
 And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
 Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost.
 Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride, 693
 Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
 Exuberant Spring; for oft these valleys shift
 Their green embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
 Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail. 700

Along these lonely regions, where retir'd,
 From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
 In awful solitude, and nought is seen
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
 Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas : 705
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
 Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,
 Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
 The flood disparts : behold ! in plaited mail,
 * Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
 The darted steel in idle shivers flies : 710
 He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills ;
 Where, as he crops his vary'd fare, the herds,
 In widening circle round, forget their food,
 And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze. 715
 Peaceful, beneath primæval trees, that cast
 Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
 And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave ;
 Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
 High-raisd in solemn theatre around, 720
 Leans the huge elephant : wisest of brutes !
 O truly wise ! with gentle might endow'd,
 Tho' powerful not destructive ! Here he sees
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall ; regardless he 725
 Of what the never-resting race of Men
 Project : thrice happy ! could he 'scape their guile,
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps ;
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
 The pride of kings ! or else his strength pervert, 730
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind,
 Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,

* The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.

Thick swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd 736
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. * But, if she bids them shine,
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
 Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song. 740
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
 Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
 A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
 While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
 Through the soft silence of the listening night, 745
 The sober-suited songstresses trills her lay.

But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,
 A wide expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
 And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
 Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb 750
 The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
 Of jealous Abissinia boldly pierce.
 Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
 Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth;
 No *holy Fury* thou, blaspheming HEAVEN, 755
 With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
 And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
 To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
 Thou, like the harmless bee, mayst freely range,
 From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers, 760
 From jasmine grove to grove, mayst wander gay,
 Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
 There on the breezy summit, spreading fair, 765
 For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, tho' more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops ;
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise ;
 And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields ; 770
 And fountains gush ; and careless herds and flocks
 Securely stray ; a world within itself,
 Disdaining all assault : there let me draw
 Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves, 775
 And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
 From disempow'ed earth the virgin gold ;
 And o'er the vary'd landscape, restless, rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind : 780
 A land of wonders ! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.
 How chang'd the scene ! In blazing height of noon,
 The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom. 785
 Still Horror reigns ! a dreary twilight round,
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
 For to the hot equator crouding fast,
 Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 790
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd ;
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
 Meantime, amidst these upper seas, condens'd 795
 Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne :
 From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage :
 Till, in the furious elemental war 800
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile. 805
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant-stream.

There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles, 810
That with unfading verdure smile around.

Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along; 815

Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn, 820
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that form the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous Ind,
Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar; 825
From * Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines
With insect lamps, to where Aurora sheds
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower:
All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns, 830
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, *Columbus*, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish moisture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque

* The river that runs thro' Siam; on whose banks a vast
multitude of those insects called fire-flies, make a beautiful
appearance in the night.

Rolls a brown deluge ; and the native drives 835
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
 From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
 The mighty * Orellana. Scarce the Muse 840
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
 Of rushing water : scarce she dares attempt
 The sea-like Plata ; to whose dread expanse,
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845
 In silent dignity they sweep along,
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
 And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
 Where the sun smiles, and seasons teem in vain,
 Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these, 850
 O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle ;
 The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
 By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons. 855
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
 Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe ;
 And ocean trembles for his green domain.
 But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth ?
 This gay profusion of luxurious bliss ? 860
 This pomp of Nature ? what their balmy meads,
 Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain ?
 By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
 What their unplanted fruits ? what the cool draughts,
 Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health, 866
 Their forests yield ? their toiling insects what,
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes ?

* The river of the Amazons.

Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
 Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines;
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?
 What all that Affric's golden rivers roll,
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
 Ill-fated race! the softening arts of Peace, 875
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers
 Command the world; the *Light* that leads to *Heaven*;
 Kind equal rule, the government of laws, 880
 And all-protecting *Freedom*, which alone
 Sustains the name and dignity of Man:
 These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize: 885
 And, with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
 And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
 Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there, 890
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
 The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
 Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
 Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 895
 There lost. The very brute creation there
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
 Which even Imagination fears to tread,
 At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train 900
 In orbs immense, then darting out anew,
 Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
 He throws his folds; and while with threat'ning
 And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls [tongue,

His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd, 905
 Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
 The small close-lurking minister of fate,
 Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910
 The vital current. Form'd to humble Man,
 This child of vengeful Nature ! There sublim'd
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut 915
 His sacred eye. The tyger darting fierce
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd :
 The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;
 And, scorning all the taming arts of Man, 920
 The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
 These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
 Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles
 That verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king, 925
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand ;
 And, with impetuous and repeated roars,
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
 Croud near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease, 930
 They ruminating ly, with horror hear
 The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts ;
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
 Her thoughtless infant. From the Pyrates den,
 Or stern Morocco's tyrant-fang escap'd, 935
 The wretch half wishes for his bonds again :
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
 From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.
 Unhappy he ! who from the first of joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone 940

Amid this world of death. Day after day,
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
 And views the main that ever toils below ;
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
 Where the round æther mixes with the wave, 945
 Ships, dim discover'd, dropping from the clouds ;
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
 Sinks helpless ; while the wonted roar is up,
 And his continual thro' the tedious night. 950
 Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
 Of monsters, unpar'd, from slooping Rome,
 And guilty Cæsar, *Liberty* retir'd,
 Her Cato following thro' Numidian wilds :
 Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains, 955
 And all the green delights Ausonia pours ;
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,
 And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
 Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath, 960
 Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil, 965
 Son of the desert ! even the camel feels,
 Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
 Or from the black-red æther, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands,
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play : 970
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;
 Till, with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ;
 And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan

Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 980
Obeys the blast, th' ærial tumult swells.

In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling * Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985

And dire * Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy † speck
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:

Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990

Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,

A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,

Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 995
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.

In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.

Art is too slow: by rapid fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,

Hid in the bottom of the black abyss. 1000

With such mad seas the daring * Gama fought,

For many a day, and many a dreadful night,

Incessant, lab'ring round the stormy Caps;

By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst

Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd 1005

* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.

* Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

The rising world of trade : the Genius, then,
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last
 The † Lusitanian Prince ; who, Heav'n-inspir'd, 1010
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
 And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
 Of streaming crouds, of rank disease, and death, 1016
 Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along ;
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
 Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons, 1020
 Demands his share of prey ; demands themselves.
 The stormy fates descend : one death involves
 Tyrants and slaves ; when strait, their mangled limbs
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
 And draws the copious steam : from swampy fens,
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,
 And breathes destructive myriads ; or from woods,
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul, 1031
 In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce ; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease. 1035
 A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,

† Don Henry, third son to John the First, King of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
 And feeble desolation, casting down
 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.
 Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd 1040
 The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
 The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
 The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye 1045
 No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore:
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
 The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention these inclement skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sick'ning city, Plague,
 The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
 Descends? * From Ethiopia's poison'd woods, 1055
 From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
 With locust-armies putrifying heap'd
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,
 Intemperate Man! and o'er his guilty domes 1060
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and slain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely Wisdom, then, 1065
 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world,

* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the Plague, in Dr Mead's elegant book on that subject.

Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad; 1070
 Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
 The chearful haunt of Men: unless escap'd
 From the doom'd house; where matchless horror
 reigns,

Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
 With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to Heaven
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1076
 Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
 Yet uninfested, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society:
 Dependents, friends, relations, Love himself, 1080
 Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
 But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
 The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 1085
 They fall, unblest'd, untended, and unmourn'd.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
 Extends her raven-wing; while, to complete
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
 Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
 Where drought and famine starve the blasted year:
 Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage, 1095
 Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;
 And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
 Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulf. 1100
 But 'tis enough; return my vagrant Muse:
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, slow-fetling o'er the lurid grove,
 Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains

The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd 1105
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery spume
 Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various tinetur'd trains of latent flame, 1110
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment ; till, by the touch ætherial rous'd,
 The dath of clouds, or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
 Dread thro' the dun expanse ; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath. 1120
 Prone, to the lowest vale, th' aerial tribes
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye ; by Man forlook, 1125
 Who to the crouded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
 'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all :
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud ; 1130
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1135
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds : till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping æther in a blaze. 1140

Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 Or prone descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds 1145
 Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
 Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage. 1149
 Black from the stroke, above, the smould'ring pine
 Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
 A lifeless grouse, the blasted cattle ly:
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull 1155
 And ox half-rai'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
 The venerable tower, and spiry fane
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
 Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud 1161
 The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
 Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
 Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak, 1165
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load:
 Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
 And Thulè bellows thro' her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply-troubled thought.
 And yet not always on the guilty head 1170
 Descends the fated flash. Young CELADON
 And his AMELIA were a matchless pair;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1175
 And his the radiance of the rising day.

They lov'd : but such their guileless passion was,
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
 Of Innocence, and undissembling truth.
 'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish, 1180
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self ;
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1185
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
 So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour, 1190
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
 While, with each other bless'd, creative love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
 Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd 1195
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
 Of the big gloom, on CELADON her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
 In vain assuring love, and confidence 1199
 In Heaven, repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed ;
 With love illumin'd high. " Fear not," he said
 " Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence, 1205
 " And inward storm ! He who yon skies involves
 " In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
 " With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 " That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 " Of noon, flies harmless : and that very voice, 1210
 " Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
 " With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.

“ ’Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 “ To clasp perfection !” From his void embrace 1214
 Mysterious Heaven ! that moment to the ground,
 A blacken’d corse, was struck the beauteous maid,
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Pierc’d by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix’d in all the death of woe !
 So, faint resemblance, on the marble tomb, 1220
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter’d clouds
 Tumultuous rove, th’ interminable sky
 Sublimar swells, and o’er the world expands 1225
 A purer azure. Thro’ the lightened air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
 Diffusive, tremble ; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray, 1230
 Invests the fields ; and Nature smiles reviv’d.

’Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
 Join’d to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick-nibbling thro’ the clover’d vale.
 And shall the hymn be marr’d by thankless Man, 1235
 Most favour’d ; who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world ?
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
 That hush’d the thunder, and serenest the sky,
 Extinguish’d feel that spark the tempest wak’d, 1240
 That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears ?

Chear’d by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose chrystal depth
 A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands 1245
 Gazing th’ inverted landscape, half-afraid
 To meditate the blue profound below ;
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood,

His ebon tresses, end his rosy cheek
 Instant emerge ; and thro' th' obedient wave 1250
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path ;
 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
 Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round. 1255

This is the purest exercise of health,
 The kind refresher of the summer-heats ;
 Nor, when cold Winter keens the bright'ning flood,
 Would I, weak-shivering, linger on the brink.
 Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd, 1260
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift ilapse
 Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
 Knit into force ; and the same Roman arm,
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave. 1265
 Even, from the body's purity, the mind
 Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
 Where winded into pleasant solitudes
 Runs out the rambling dale, young DAMON sat, 1270
 Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
 There to the stream that down the distant rocks
 Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that
 play'd

Among the bending willows, falsely he
 Of MUSIDORA's cruelty complain'd. 1275
 She felt his flame ; but deep within her breast,
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
 The soft return conceal'd ; save when it stole
 In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
 Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs. 1280
 Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
 He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart :
 And, if an infant passion struggled there,

To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
 A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate. 1285
 Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine:
 For lo! conducted by the laughing loves,
 This cool retreat his *MUSidora* sought:
 Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
 And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe 1290
 Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
 What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
 And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
 A pure ingenious elegance of soul,
 A delicate refinement, known to few, 1295
 Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire:
 But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
 Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
 Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest'd
 Arcadian stream, with timid eye around, 1300
 The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
 Ah then! not Paris on the piny top
 Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
 The rival-goddesses the veil divine 1305
 Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
 Than, *DAMON*, thou: as from the snowy leg,
 And slender foot, th' invented silk she drew;
 As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone;
 And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast, 1310
 With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
 In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
 How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view,
 As from her naked limbs of glowing white,
 Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand, 1315
 In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
 And fair expos'd the flood, shrunk from herself,
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn!

Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood 1320
 Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
 And every beauty softening, every grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
 As shines the lily through the crystal mild;
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew, 1325
 Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
 But ill conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,
 That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
 Rising again, the latent DAMON drew, 1330
 Such madd'ning draughts of beauty to the soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
 With luxury too daring. Check'd at last,
 By Love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love. 1335
 Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade,
 With headlong hurry fled; but first these lines,
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
 With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my fair,
 " Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye 1340
 " Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
 " To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 " And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
 A stupid moment motionless she stood: 1345
 So stands the statue * that enchants the world,
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
 Which blissful Eden knew not; and array'd 1350
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
 But, when her DAMON's well-known hand she saw
 Her terrors vanish'd; and a softer train

* The Venus of Medici.

Of mix'd emotions, hard to be describ'd,
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd ; shame void of guilt, 1355
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem
 And admiration of her lover's flame,
 By modesty exalted : even a sense
 Of self-approving beauty stole across
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm 1360
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul ;
 And on the spreading beach that o'er the stream
 Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd, 1364
 Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping joy :
 " Dear youth ! sole judge of what these verses mean,
 " By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
 " Alas ! not favour'd less, be still as now
 " Discreet : the time may come you need not fly."
 The sun has lost his rage : his downward orb 1370
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
 And vital lustre ; that with various ray,
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
 Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
 The dream of waking fancy ! Broad below, 1375
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
 Of walking comes : for him who lonely loves
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse 1380
 With Nature ; there to harmonize his heart,
 And in pathetic song to breathe around
 The harmony to others. Social friends,
 Attun'd to happy unison of soul ;
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world, 1385
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
 Displays its charms ; whose minds are richly fraught
 With philosophic stores, superior light ;
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns

Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance : 1390
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day :
 Now to the verdant Portico of woods,
 To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk ;
 By that kind school where no proud master reigns,
 The full free converse of the friendly heart, 1395
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
 And pour their souls in transport, which the SIRE
 Of love, approving, hears, and *calls it good*. 1399
 Which way, AMANDA, shall we bend our course ?
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse ?
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams ? or walk the smiling mead ?
 Or court the forest glades ? or wander wild
 Among the waving harvests ? or ascend, 1405
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful *Shene* * ? Here let us sweep
 The boundless landscape : now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting, swift to huge AUGUSTA send,
 Now to the Sister-hills † that skirt her plain, 1410
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver THAMES first rural grows. 1415
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray :
 Luxurious, there, rove through the pendant woods
 That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's retreat ;
 And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd, 1420
 With HER, the pleasing partner of his heart,

* The old name of Richmond ; signifying in Saxon, *shining* or *splendor*.

† Highgate and Hampstead.

The worthy QUEENSBURY yet laments his GAY,
 And polish'd CORNBURY woos the willing Muse.
 Slow let us trace the matchless VALE of THAMES;
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt 1425
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their POPE implore
 The healing God*; to royal Hampton's pile,
 To Cleremont's terrass'd height, and Elsher's groves.
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole, 1430
 From courts and senates PELHAM finds repose.
 Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of Achaia, or Hesperia sung!
 O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills!
 On which the *power of cultivation* lyes, 1435
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.
 Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays! 1440
 Happy BRITANNIA! where the QUEEN OF ARTS,
 Inspiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad
 Walks unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.
 Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime; 1445
 Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought:
 Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float
 With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides,
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves. 1450
 Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
 And property assures it to the swain,
 Pleas'd, and unweary'd, in his guarded toil. 1455

* In his last sickness.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art ;
 And trade and joy in every busy street,
 Mingling, are heard : even Drudgery himself,
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crouded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield, 1461
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
 Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind. 1465

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd;
 Scattering the nations where they go ; and first
 Or on the list'd plain, or stormy seas.
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans 1470
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside ;
 In genius and substantial learning, high ;
 For every virtue, every worth renown'd ;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd, 1475
 The dread of tyrants and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim Oppression groan.

Thy SONS OF GLORY many ! ALFRED thine,
 In whom the splendour of heroic war,
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well, 1480
 Combine ; whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,
 And *his own* Muses love ; the best of *Kings* !
 With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine,
 Names dear to fame ; the first who deep impress'd
 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms, 1485
 That awes her genius still. In *Statesmen* thou
 And *Patrists* fertile. Thine a steady MORE,
 Who, with a generous tho' mistaken zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
 Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES just, 1490
 Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor,

A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death.
 Frugal and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine ;
 A DRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world. 1496
 Then flam'd thy spirit high : but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN ?
 In RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd ;
 RALEIGH, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd. 1498
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past, 1500
 And with his prison hours enrich'd the world ;
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass, 1510
 The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,
 The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
 A HAMDEN too is thine, illustrious land,
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
 Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age 1514
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 Bright, at his call, thy age of Men offulg'd,
 Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read. 1520
 Being every sweetest flower, and let me strew
 The grave where RUSSEL lies ; whose temper'd blood
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign ;
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk 1524
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him

My Friend, the † BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled;
 Of high-determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown 1530
 In awful Sages and in noble Bards;
 Soon as the light of dawning science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses song.
 Thine is a BACON; hapless in his choice;
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state, 1539
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course: him for the studious shade
 Kind Nature form'd; deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul 1540
 PLATO, the STAGYRTE, and TULLY join'd.
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-reaching schools,
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms, 1549
 And definitions void: he led her forth,
 Daughter of HEAVEN! that slow ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to HEAVEN again. 1549
 The generous * ASHLEY thine, the friend of Mary,
 Who scan'd his nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
 Why need I name thy BOYLE, whose pious search,
 Amid the dark recesses of his works, 1550
 The great CREATOR sought? And why thy LOCKE,
 Who made the whole internal world his own?
 Let NEWTON, pure intelligence, whom GOD

† Algernon Sidney.

* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

To mortals lent to trace his boundless works 1560
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
 Is not wild SHAKESPEARE thine and Nature's boast?
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse 1566
 Of classic ages in thy MILTON met?
 A genius universal as his theme;
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime. 1570
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle SPENCER, Fancy's pleasing son;
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage, 1575
 CHAUCER, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften, as thy DAUGHTERS I,
 BRITANNIA, hail! for beauty is their own, 1580
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom, 1585
 And every nameless grace: the parted lip,
 Like the red-rose bud moist with morning dew,
 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight shaded, and the swelling breast; 1590
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when dress'd in love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up, 1595

At once the wonder, terror and delight,
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave. 1600

O THOU! by whose almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the land,
In bright patrol: white *Peace*, and social *Love*;
The tender-looking *Charity*, intent 1605
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;
Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind;
Courage compos'd and keen; sound *Temperance*,
Healthful in heart and look; clear *Chastity*,
With blushes redd'ning as she moves along, 1610
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough *Industry*; *Activity* untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant front, superior shines
That first paternal virtue, *Public Zeal*; 1615
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds 1620
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of *Amphitritè*, and her tending nymphs, 1625
(So Grecian fable sung); he dips his orb;
Now half immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright-glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain and void; 1630
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,

This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank :
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch, 1633
 Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
 Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
 Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
 A drooping family of modest worth.
 But to the generous still-improving mind, 1640
 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,
 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew ;
 To him the long review of order'd life :
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt. 1643
 Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
 All æther soft'ning, sober Evening takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air ;
 A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
 She sends on earth ; then that of deeper dye 1650
 Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ; 1655
 While the quail clamours for his running mate.
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
 A whitening shower of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
 Of nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed 1660
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
 From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings,
 His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves
 The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail ; 1663
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,

Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height, 1690
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
 In various game, and revelry, to pass
 The summer-night, as village-stories tell.
 But far about they wander from the graze 1695
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
 Against his own sad breast, to lift the hand
 Of impious violence. The lonely tower
 Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold,
 So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost. 1698
 Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
 The glow-worm lights his gem; and, thro' the dark,
 A moving radiance twinkles. *Evening* yields
 The world to *Night*; not in her winter-robe
 Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd 1699
 In mantle dun. A faint ethereal ray,
 Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
 Flings half an image on the straining eye;
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd 1700
 Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
 Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
 The silent hours of love, with purest ray
 Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise, 1701
 When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
 Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
 As this th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
 With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
 Across the sky; or horizontal dart, 1702
 In wondrous shapes: by fearful murmuring crouds
 Portentuous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
 That more than deck, that animate the sky,

The life-infusing suns of other worlds ;
 Lo ! from the dead immensity of space 1708
 Returping, with accelerated course,
 The rushing comet to the sun descends :
 And as he sinks below the shading earth,
 With awful train-projected o'er the heavens,
 The guilty nations tremble. But, above 1710
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
 And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,
 Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy 1715
 Divinely great ; they in their powers exult,
 That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns
 This dusky spot, and measures all the sky ;
 While, from his far excursion thro' the wilds
 Of barren æther, faithful to his time, 1720
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining LOVE :
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs 1725
 Thro' which his long ellipsis winds ; perhaps,
 To lead new fuel to declining suns,
 To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

With thee, serene PHILOSOPHY, with thee, 1739
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song !
 Effusive source of evidence and truth !
 A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
 Stronger than summer-noon ; and pure as that,
 Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
 New to the dawning of celestial day. 2735
 Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mass of low desires,
 That bind the fluttering croud ; and, angel-wing'd,

The heights of science and of virtue gains, 1740
 Where all is calm and clear : with Nature round,
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyſs,
 To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd :
 The First up-tracing, from the dreary void,
 The chain of cauſes and effects, to HIM, 1745
 The world-producing ESSENCE, who alone
 Poſſeſſes being ; while the Laſt receives
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier ſenſe 1750
 Diffuſive painted on the rapid mind.
 Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
 Her voice to ages ; and informs the page
 With muſic, image, ſentiment, and thought
 Never to die ! the treaſure of mankind ! 1755
 Their higheſt honour, and their trueſt joy !
 Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man !
 A ſavage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,
 In queſt of prey ; and with th' unfashion'd ſur-
 rough clad, devoid of every finer art, 1760
 And elegance of life. Nor happineſs
 Domeſtic mix'd of tenderneſs, and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor ſocial bliſs,
 Nor guardian law were his ; nor various ſkill
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool 1765
 Mechanic ; nor the heaven-conducted prow
 Of navigation bold, that fearleſs braves
 The burning line, or dares the wint'ry pole ;
 Mother ſevere of infinite delights !
 Nothing, ſave rapine, indolence and guile, 1770
 And woes on woes, a ſtill-revolving train !
 Whoſe horrid circle had made human life
 Than non-exiſtence worſe ; but, taught by thee,
 Ours are the plans of policy and peace ;
 To live like brothers and conjunctive all 1775

Embellish life. While thus laborious crouds
 Ply the tough oar, PHILOSOPHY directs
 The ruling helm ; or like the liberal breath
 Of potent Heaven, invisible the sail
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along. 1780
 Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
 Poorly confined, the radiant tracks on high
 Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze
 Creation thro' ; and, from that full complex
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive 1785
 Of the SOLE BEING right, who *spoke the word*,
 And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
 Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,
 Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear ; 1790
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up
 To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train :
 To Reason then, deducing truth from truth ;
 And notion quite abstract ; where first begins 1795
 The world of spirits, action all, and life
 Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
 So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep.
 Enough for us to know that this dark state,
 In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits, 1800
 This infancy of being, cannot prove
 The final issue of the works of GOD,
 By boundless LOVE and perfect wisdom form'd,
 And ever rising with the rising mind.

A U T U M N.

P 2

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr ONSLOW. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry, raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of AUTUMN: whence a digression, enquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of SCOTLAND. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a pænegyric on a philosophical country life.

A U T U M N.

CROWN'D with the fickle and the wheaten
sheaf,

While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the wint'ry frost
Nitrous prepar'd; the various-blossom'd Spring
Put in white promise forth; and Summer-suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

ONSLOW! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
Would from the *public voice* thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot-virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue; she,
Though weak in power, yet strong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,

With golden light enliven'd wide invests
 The happy world. Attempter'd suns arise,
 Sweet beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below 30
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain;
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along,
 A gaily-checquer'd heart-expanding view, 40
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, *Industry!* rough power!
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
 Yet the kind source of ev'ry gentle art, 45
 And all the soft simplicity of life:
 Raisher of human kind! by Nature cast,
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around:
 Materials infinite; but idle all.
 Still unexerted in th' unconscious breast,
 Slept the lethargic powers; Corruption still,
 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand 55
 Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
 With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
 Fought the fierce tusky boar: a shivering wretch!
 Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60
 With winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:

Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;
 And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.
 For home he had not ; home is the resort 65
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where
 Supporting, and supported, polish'd friends,
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.
 But this the rugged savage never felt,
 Even desolate in crouds ; and thus his days 70
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along :
 A waste of time ! till *Industry* approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth :
 His faculties unfolded ; pointed out,
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75
 Of Art demanded ; shew'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast ; 80
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe ;
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn ;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit :
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity ; 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ;
 And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory in his view,
 And bade him be the *Lord* of all below. 95

Then gathering men their natural powers com-
 bin'd,
 And form'd a *Public* ; to the general good

Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the *Patriot-council* met, the full,
 The free, and fairly-represented *Whole* ; 109
 For this they plann'd the holy-guardian laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And with joint force *Oppression* chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm ; yet still
 To them accountable : nor slavish dream'd 109
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protect'd, and inspir'd, 110
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art ! the city rear'd,
 In beauteous pride, her tower-incircled head ;
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
 From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew 110
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then *Commerce* brought into the public walk
 The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ;
 Rais'd the strong crane ; choak'd up the loaded
 street

With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O *Thames*, 121
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wint'ry forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires ; the bellowing sheet between 125
 Possess'd the breezy void ; the footy hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
 Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around,
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil 130
 From bank to bank increas'd ; whence, ribb'd with
 oak,

To bear the *British Thunder*, black, and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then, too, the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof; and *Luxury* within 135
Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvas smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose: the statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-flesh'd. 140

All is the gift of *Industry*; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive winter, cheer'd by him,
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along; 145
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring,
Without him Summer were an arid waste;
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering song. 150

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripened field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate, 155
By nameless gentle offices, her toil.

At once they stoop and swell the lustrous sheaves;
While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 160
And steal, unfelt, the sultry hours away.

Behind the master walks, builds up the flocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there, 165
Spike after spike their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling

From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
 How good the GOD of *Harvest* is to you; 175
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want 175
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint ye give.

The lovely young LAVINIA once had friends;
 And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
 For, in her helpless years, depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save *Innocence* and *Heaven*, 180
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep-surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue sunk to poverty would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare,
 Her form was fresher than the morning-rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain-snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sate fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,

Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
 Beneath the shelter of incircling hills, 210
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet *Lavinia* ; till, at length compell'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean *Palemon*'s fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich ;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song 220
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train 225
 To walk, when poor *Lavinia* drew his eye ;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze :
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd. 230
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field : 235
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

" What pity ! that so delicate a form,
 " By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 " And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,

- " Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240
 " Of some indecent clown! she looks, methinks,
 " Of old *Acasto's* line; and to my mind
 " Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 " From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
 " Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
 " And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd. 246
 " 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 " Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 " Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 " His aged widow and his daughter live, 250
 " Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 " Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"
 When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful *Acasto*; who can speak 255
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once. 260
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus *Palemon*, passionate, and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.
 " And art thou then *Acasto's* dear remains? 265
 " She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,
 " So long in vain? O Heavens! the very same,
 " The soften'd image of my noble friend,
 " Alive his every look, his every feature,
 " More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring! 270
 " Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 " That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
 " In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 " The kindest aspect of delighted *Heaven*?
 " Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair; 275

" Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 " Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
 " O let me now, into a richer soil, [showers,
 " Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest influence; 280
 " And of my garden be the pride and joy!
 " Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
 " *Acasto's* daughter, his whose open stores,
 " Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 " The father of a country, thus to pick 285
 " The very refuse of those harvest fields,
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 " Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
 " The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine; 290
 " If to the various blessings which thy house
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 " That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"
 Here ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 295
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, the blanch'd consent. 300
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, the pin'd away
 The lonely moments for *Lavinia's* fate;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening-hours: 306
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round. 310

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
 The sultry south collects a potent blast.
 At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn. 315
 But as th' ærial tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours 320
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
 High beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage, 325
 Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
 The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
 Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain, 330
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
 In one continuous flood. Still over head
 The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
 The deluge deepens; till the fields around
 Ly sunk, and flatted, in the fordid wave. 335
 Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
 The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages and swains, 340
 Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd,
 In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,
 Helpless, beholds the miserable wreck 345
 Driving along; his drowning ox at once

Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
 Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then, 350
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
 And oh be mindful of that sparing board, 355
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
 And all-involving winds have swept away!

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, 360
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the muse to sing the *rural game*:
 How, in his mid career, the spaniel struck,
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws full*, 365
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
 As in the sun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
 Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 370
 Their idle wings, intangled more and more:
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again, 375
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
 Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song; 380
 Then most delighted, when she social sees
 The whole mix'd animal-creation round

Alive, and happy. 'Tis no joy to her,
 This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death ;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 38;
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn ;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
 As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man, 390
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
 Amid the beatings of the gentle days. 395
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want ;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd ; the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapt ;
 The thistly lawn ; the thick entangled broom ; 405
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern ;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain-brook.
 Vain is her best precaution ; tho' she sits 410
 Conceal'd with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in ;
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her airy labyrinth ; and deep, 415
 In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads

The sighing gale, the springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once : 420
 The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn
 Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chace ; and the loud hunter's shout ;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy. 425

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed,
 He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and rous'd by fear,
 Gives all his swift ærial soul to flight ; 430
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind :
 Deception short ! tho' fleetier than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades, 435
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood.

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
 Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
 Expel him, circling thro' his every shift. 440

He sweeps the forest oft ; and sobbing, sees
 The glades mild opening to the golden day ;
 Where, in kind contest with his butting friends,
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.

Oft in the full descending flood he tries 445
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides :
 Oft seeks the herd ; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.

What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450
 Inspire the course ; but fainting breathless toil,
 Sick, seizes on his heart ; he stands at bay ;
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
 The big round tears run down his dappled face ;

He groans in anguish ; while the growling pack 455
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair-jutting chest,
 And mark his beauteous checquer'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chace ; behold, despising flight, 460
 The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,
 Advancing full on the protended spear,
 And coward-band that circling wheel aloof,
 Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf ; on him his shaggy foe 465
 Vindicative fix, and let the ruffian die :
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm. 469

These Britain knows not ; give, ye Britons, then,
 Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold :
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chace pursue. 474
 Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge
 High-bound, resistless ; nor the deep morass
 Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
 Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ;
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
 From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd ;
 Then scale the mountains to their woody tops ;
 Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the lawn,
 In fancy swallowing up the space between, 485
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game.
 For happy he ! who tops the wheeling chace ;
 Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
 Disclos'd ; who knows the merit of the pack ;
 Who saw the villain seiz'd and dying bard, 499

Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
 Relentless torn : O glorious he, beyond
 His daring peers ! when the retreating horn
 Calls them to ghastly halls of grey renown,
 With woodland honours grac'd : the fox's fur, 495
 Depending decent from the roof ; and spread
 Round the drear walls with antic figures fierce,
 The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,
 When the night staggers with severer toils,
 With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew, 500
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;
 The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
 From side to side ; in which, with desperate knife, 505
 They deep incision make, and talk the while
 Of ENGLAND's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
 While hence they borrow vigour : or attain
 Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
 If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510
 Relating all the glories of the chase.
 Then satiate Hunger bids his brother Thirst
 Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
 A potent gale, delicious, at the breath 515
 Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat 520
 Of thirty years ; and now his honest front
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
 Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie,
 To cheat the thirsty moments, whilst a while
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke, 525
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe : or the quick dice

In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon : while romp-loving Miss
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idlenesses laid 530
Aside, frequent, and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle ; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart ; but earnest, brimming bowls 535
Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous, at once from twenty tongues, 539
Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses, hounds,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart ;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul ; 545
And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round ;
While from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the Music of the day again.
As when the tempest that has vex'd the deep 550
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls ;
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Ly quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance 555
Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table even itself was drunk,
Ly a wet broken scene ; and wide, below, 560
Is heap'd the social slaughter ; where astride
The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,

Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
 And sleeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
 Perhaps some doctor of tremendous paunch, 565
 Awful and deep, a black abyfs of drink,
 Outlives them all; and from his buried flock
 Retiring, full of rumination sad,
 Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570
 Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
 E'er stain the bosom of the BRITISH FAIR.
 Far be the spirit of the chace from them !
 Uncomely courage, unbecoming skill ;
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed ; 575
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;
 With every motion, every word, to wave 580
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek, the ready blush ;
 And from the smallest violence to shrink,
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging man. 585
 O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers see ! a nobler game,
 Thro' Love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,
 In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress, 590
 And fashion'd all to harmony alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;
 To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm, 595
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;

To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race 600
 To rear their graces into second life;
 To give Society its highest taste;
 Well-ordered home Man's best delight to make;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art, 605
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life:
 This be the female dignity, and praise.

Ye swains now hasten to the hazel bank;
 Where down yon dale the wildly-winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array, 611
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins come. For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
 The lover finds amid the secret shade; 615
 And where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree;
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the ringlets of MELINDA'S hair: 620
 MELINDA! form'd with every grace complete,
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In chearful error, let us tread the maze 625
 Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 630
 Eyes, in a soft profusion, scattered round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race;
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepared;
 Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,

In ever-changing composition mix'd. 639
 Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
 The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
 Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
 Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes,
 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen, 640
 Dwells in their gelid pores ; and, active, points
 The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue ;
 Thy *native* theme, and boon inspirer too,
 PHILLIPS, Pomona's bard, the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse, 649
 With BRITISH freedom sing the BRITISH song :
 How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
 Foam in transparent floods ; some strong, to cheer
 The wint'ry revels of the labouring hind ;
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours. 650

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
 The sun shades equal o'er the meekened day ;
 Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of, DODINGTON, thy seat, serene and plain ;
 Where simple Nature reigns ; and every view, 655
 Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
 In boundless prospect : yonder shagg'd with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks !
 Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
 Far splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye, 660
 New beauties rise with each revolving day ;
 New columns swell ; and still the fresh Spring finds
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green,
 Full of thy genius all ! the Muses seat :
 Where in the secret bower, and winding walk, 665
 For virtuous YOUNG and thee they twine the bay.
 Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
 Of thy applause, I solitary court
 Th' inspiring breeze ; and meditate the book
 Of Nature ever open ; aiming thence, 670

Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
 Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
 My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought :
 Presents the downy peach ; the shining plumb ; 675
 The ruddy, fragrant nectarine ; and dark,
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
 The vine, too, here her curling tendrils shoots ;
 Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south ;
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 680

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
 To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent ;
 Where, by the potent sun elated high,
 The vineyard swells refulgent on the day ;
 Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs,
 Profuse ; and drinks amid the sunny rocks, 686
 From cliff to cliff encreas'd, the heightened blaze.
 Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
 Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
 Or shine transparent ; while Perfection breathes 690
 White o'er the turgid film the living dew.
 As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
 Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray ;
 The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
 Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime, 695
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
 Then comes the crushing swain ; the country floats,
 And foams unbounded with the mazy flood ;
 That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
 Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy : 700
 The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ;
 The mellow-tasted Burgundy ; and quick,
 As is the wit it gives, the gay Champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd, 705
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd

As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
 No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides, 710
 And high between contending kingdoms rears
 The rocky long division, fills the view
 With great variety; but in a night
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far, 715
 The huge dusk, gradual swallows up the plain:
 Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems,
 Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
 Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
 Sheds, weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray; 720
 Whence glaring east, with many a broaden'd orb,
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
 Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
 Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
 The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last 725
 Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
 Successive closing, sits the general fog
 Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
 A formless grey confusion covers all.
 As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD) 730
 Light, uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd
 Its infant way; nor order yet had drawn
 His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
 These roving mists, that constant now begin
 To smoke along the hilly country, these, 735
 With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
 The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
 Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks;
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
 And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. 740
 Some sages say, that where the numerous wave
 For ever lashes the resounding shore,

Drill'd thro' the sandy stratum, every way,
 The waters with the sandy stratum rise ;
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd, 745
 They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
 And clear and sweeten. as they soak along.
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
 Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs ;
 But to the mountain courted by the sand, 750
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
 Far from the parent-main, it boils again
 Fresh into day ; and all the glittering hill
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
 Amusive dream ! why should the waters love 755
 To take so far a journey to the hills,
 When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
 Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed ?
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
 They must aspire ; why should they sudden stop 760
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
 And, e'er they gain its highest peak, desert
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long ?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choak 765
 Their secret channels ; or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :
 Old Ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought Deucalion's watery times again. 770
 Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
 That, like *Creating Nature*, ly conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes ?
 O thou pervading Genius, given to man, 775
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
 O lay the mountains bare ! and wide display,
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view ;

Strip from the branching Alps their piny load !
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods 780
 From Asian Taurus, from Imaüs stretch'd
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds !
 Give opening-Hemus to my searching eye,
 And high Olympus pouring many a stream !
 O from the sounding summits of the north, 785
 The Dofrine hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd
 To farthest Lapland and the frozen main ;
 From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil ;
 From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Rufs 790
 Believes the * *stony girdle* of the world ;
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods ;
 O sweep th' eternal snows ! Hung o'er the deep,
 That ever works beneath his sounding base, 795
 Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as Poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread ! unveil
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of Abvllinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
 And of the bending † *Mountains of the Moon* ! 800
 O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth,
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold !
 Amazing scene ! Behold ! the glooms disclose ! 805
 I see the rivers in their infant-beds !
 Deep, deep I hear them lab'ring to get free !
 I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd ;
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains,

* The Muscovites call the Riphean mountains *Weliki Camenypays*, that is, *the great stony girdle* ; because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

† A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monometapa.

The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs. 810
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts;
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit, 815
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
 Or stiff-compacted clay, capacious form'd, 820
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Thro' the stir'd sands a bubbling passage burst;
 And welling out, around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills, 825
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth, 830
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gathered, play 835
 The swallow-people; and toss'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,
 The feathered eddy floats: rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wint'ry slumbers they retire;
 In clusters clung, beneath the mould'ring bank, 840
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats.
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter chearful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now 845

Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of liberty, 850
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky.
And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short essay, 855
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high
Th' aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls, 860
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest Thulé, and th' Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go? 865
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
And rude resounding shore, are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues, 870
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or sweeps the filthy shore; or treasures up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed 875
Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,
High-hovering o'er the broad cœrulean scene,
Sees *Caledonia*, in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Invested with a keen diffusive sky, 880
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,

Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
 Planted of old ; her azure lakes between,
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth
 Full ; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales ; 88;
 With many a cool translucent brimming flood
 Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure *parent stream*,
 Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
 With, silvan Jed, thy tributary brook),
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams 890
 O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak :
 Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
 Train'd up to hardy deeds ; soon visited
 By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
 She took her western flight. A manly race, 895
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave ;
 Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy WALLACE can attest,
 Great patriot-hero ! ill requited chief !),
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state ; 900
 Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil. 905
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
 Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.

Oh is there not some patriot, in whose power
 That best, that godlike Luxury is plac'd,
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn, 910
 Thro' late posterity ? some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected industry ? to give
 A double harvest to the pining swain ?
 And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil ?
 How, by the finest art, the native robe 915
 To weave ; how white as hyperborean snow,
 To form the lucid lawn ; with venturous oar

How to dash wide the billow ; nor look on,
 Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms, 920
 That heave our friths, and croud upon our shores ;
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
 The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe ;
 And thus, in soul united as in name, 925
 Bid *Britain* reign the mistress of the deep ?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, *Argyle*,
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye ; 930
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
 Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
 Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat 935
 Of sulphurous war, on *Tenier's* dreadful field.
 Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow :
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ;
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age. 941
 Thee, *Forbes*, too, whom every worth attends,
 As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
 Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts, 945
 Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd ;
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round
 Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun, 950
 Of every hue, from wan declining green
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,

Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm 955
Fleeces unbounded æther ; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current : while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And thro' their lucid veil his softened force 960
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate croud,
And soar above this little scene of things ;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet ; 965
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace ;
And wooe lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And thro' the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to chear the woodman's toil. 971
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades, 976
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a full despondent flock ;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note. 980
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun, the music of the coming year
Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground ! 985

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;

Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
 And slowly circles thro' the waving air. 990
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
 Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
 Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak. 995
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd
 Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around 1000
 The desolated prospects thrills the soul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
 Of *Philosophic Melancholy* comes!
 His near approach the sudden starting tear,
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air, 1005
 The softened feature, and the beating heart,
 Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!
 Inflames imagination; thro' the breast
 Infuses every tenderness; and far 1010
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
 Croud fast into the mind's creative eye.
 As fast the correspondent passions rise, 1015
 As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
 To rapture, and divine astonishment:
 The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
 Of human race; the large ambitious wish,
 To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth,
 Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn 1020
 Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve;
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
 Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;

Th' awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame ; 1025
 The sympathies of love, and friendship dear ;
 With all the *social offspring of the heart*.

Oh bear me, then, to vast embowering shades,
 To twilight groves, and visionary vales ;
 To weeping grottos, and prophetic glooms ; 1030
 Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk,
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along ;
 And voices more than human, thro' the void
 Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear !

Or is this gloom too much ? Then lead, ye powers,
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat 1035
 Preside, which shining thro' the chearful land
 In countless numbers, bless'd *Britannia* sees :
 O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
 The fair majestic paradise of * *Stowe* ! 1040
 Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
 E'er saw such silvan scenes ; such various art
 By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
 By cool judicious art ; that, in the strife,
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone. 1045
 And there, O *Pitt*, thy country's early boast,
 There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes,
 Or in that † Temple where, in future times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name ; 1049
 And, with thy converse bless'd, catch the last smiles
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
 While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
 The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
 Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land ;
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own, 1055
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades

* The seat of Lord Viscount Cobham.

† Temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.

Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
 Or if hereafter she, with *juster* hand,
 Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou, 1060
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,
 What every decent character requires,
 And every passion speaks: O thro' her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
 Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts, 1065
 Of honest Zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
 And shakes Corruption on her venal throne.
 While thus we talk, and thro' *Elysian vales*
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
 What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant files 1070
 Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
 And long embattled hosts; when the proud foe,
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
 Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war; 1075
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
 Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
 The *British Youth* would hail thy wise command,
 Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shortened day;
 And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky, 1081
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
 The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along 1085
 The dusky mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon
 Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scattered clouds,
 Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
 Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk 1089
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
 And caverns, deep, as optic tube descends,
 A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.

Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
 Now up the pure ætherean rides sublime. 1099
 Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
 O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world. 1100

But when half-blotted from the sky, her light,
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
 With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven;
 Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white; 1105
 Oft in this season, silent from the north
 A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
 The lower skies, they all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend, 1110
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
 All æther coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious thro' the croud
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
 Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array, 1115
 Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire;
 Till the long lines of full-extended war
 In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene, 1120
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,
 Incontinent; and buzy frenzy talks
 Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake funk,
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame; 1125
 Of fellow famine, inundation, storm;
 Of pestilence, and every great distress;
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling Fate has struck
 Th' unalterable hour: even Nature's self

A U T U M N.

149

Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.

1130

Not so the man of philosophic eye,

And inspect sage ; the waving brightness he

Curious surveys, inquisitive to know

The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,

Of this appearance, beautiful and new.

1135

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,

A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,

Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.

Order confounded lyes ; all beauty void ;

Distinction lost ; and gay variety

1140

One universal blot : such the fair power

Of light, to kindle and create the whole.

Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,

Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,

Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge ;

1145

Nor visited by one directive ray,

From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.

Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,

Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,

The wild-fire scatters round, or gathered trails

1150

A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss :

Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,

Now lost, and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,

Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph :

While still, from day to day, his pining wife,

1155

And plaintive children, his return await,

In wild conjecture lost. At other times,

Sent by the *better Genius* of the night,

Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,

The meteor sits ; and shews the narrow path,

1160

That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else

Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthened night elaps'd, the morning shines

Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,

Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.

1165

And now the mounting sun dispels the fog ;
 The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam ;
 And hung on every spray, on every blade
 Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round. 1169

Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit,
 Lyes the still heaving hive ! at evening snatch'd,
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
 And fix'd o'er sulphur : while, not dreaming ill,
 The happy people, in their waxen cells,
 Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes 1175

Of temperance, for Winter poor ; rejoic'd
 To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores,
 Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends :
 And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
 By thousands, tumble from their honeyed domes, 1180
 Convuls'd, and agonizing in the dust.

And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
 Intent from flower to flower ? for this you toil'd
 Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away ?
 For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste, 1185
 Nor lost one sunny gleam ? for this sad fate ?

O Man ! tyrannic lord ! how long, how long,
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
 Awaiting renovation ? When obliged,
 Must you destroy ? Of their ambrosial food 1190

Can you not borrow ; and, in just return,
 Afford them shelter from the wint'ry winds :
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
 Again regale them on some smiling day ?

See where the stony bottom of their town 1195
 Looks desolate and wild ; with here and there
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.

Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy, 1200
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,

(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
 Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame. 1205

Hence every harsher sight ! for now the day,
 O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
 Infinite splendor ! wide-investing all.

How still the breeze ! save what the filmy threads
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain. 1210

How clear the cloudless sky ! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar blue ! th' etherial arch

How swell'd immense ! amid whose azure thron'd
 The radiant sun how gay ! how calm below
 The gilded earth ! the harvest-treasures all 1215

Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain ; the circling fence shut-up ;
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.

While, loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth, 1220
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth

By the quick sense of music taught alone,
 Leaps wildly-graceful in the lively dance.

Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
 Young, buxom, warm, in native-beauty rich, 1225
 Darts not-unmeaning looks ; and, where her eye

Points an approving smile, with double force,
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.

Age too shines out ; and, garrulous, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice ; nor think
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil 1230
 Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men
 The happiest he ! who far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a *choice few* retired. 1235

Drinks the pure pleasures of the RURAL LIFE.

What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,

Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
 Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe 1240
 Of every hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with massy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
 What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
 For him each rarer tributary life 1245
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury and death? What tho' his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice, nor sunk in beds,
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state? 1250
 What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd 1255
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope;
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
 When Heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
 Or in the wint'ry glebe whatever lyes 1261
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere 1266
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
 Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
 Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence; 1271
 Un sullied beauty; sound, unbroken youth,
 Patients of labour, with a little pleas'd;

Health ever-blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease. 1275

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
Unpiere'd, exulting in the widow's wail, 1280
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.

Let some, far-distant from their native soil,
Urg'd or by want, or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.

Let *this* thro' cities work his eager way, 1285
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense, extinct; and *that* ferment

Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let *those*
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law, 1290
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,

An iron race! and *those* of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile, 1295
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.

While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states. 1305

Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year; 1305
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;

Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,

Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale 1310
 Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
 He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave, 1314
 Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
 Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world, 1320
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field;
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
 With gentle throes; and, thro' the tepid gleams
 Deep-musing, then he *best* exerts his song.
 Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss. 1325
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
 Pour ev'ry lustre on th' exalted eye. 1330
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
 O'er land and sea imagination roams;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers; 1335
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
 The touch of kindred too, and love he feels;
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck, 1340
 And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social still, and smiling kind. 1345

This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
 And guilty cities, never knew ; the life
 Led by primæval ages, uncorrupt,
 When angels dwelt, and GOD himself, with man !

Oh NATURE ! all-sufficient ! over-all ! 1350

Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works !
 Snatch me to heaven ; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
 Shew me ; their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan ; thro' the disclosing deep 1356

Light my blind way : the mineral *strata* there ;
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world ;
 O'er that the rising system, more complex,
 Of animals ; and higher still, the mind, 1360

The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift ;
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye ;

A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust !
 But if to that unequal ; if the blood, 1364

In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
 That *best* ambition ; under closing shades,
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
 And whisper to my dreams. From *Thee* begin,
 Dwell all on *Thee*, with *Thee* conclude my song ;
 And let me never, never stray from *Thee* ! 1374

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general
discussion of the problem. It is shown that the
problem is of great importance and that it has
not been completely solved. The author then
presents a new method for solving the problem.
This method is based on the use of the
Fourier transform. It is shown that this
method is more efficient than the methods
previously used. The author then applies this
method to the problem of the motion of a
particle in a magnetic field. It is shown that
the results obtained are in good agreement
with the experimental results.

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W I N T E R.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of WILMINGTON. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the Season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: A man, perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Appenines. A Wintry evening described; as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the polar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

W I N T E R.

S E E, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
 Sullen, and sad, with all his rising train;
 Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme,
 These that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
 And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms! 5
 Cogential horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
 Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
 When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
 And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
 Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain; 10
 Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
 Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,
 In the grim-evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
 Till through the lucid chambers of the south 15
 Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
 The Muse, O WILMINGTON! renews her song.
 Since has she rounded the revolving year:
 Skim'd the gay spring; on eagle-pinions borne, 20
 Attempted thro' the summer-blaze to rise;
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
 And now among the wint'ry clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds; 25
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:

Thrice happy ! could she fill thy judging ear
 With bold description, and with manly thought.
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone,
 And how to make a mighty people thrive :
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,
 A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul
 Amid a sliding age, and burning storm,
 Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
 A steady spirit regularly free ;

These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot ; these, the public hope
 And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
 Record what Envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
 To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
 And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year ;
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
 Scarce spreads o'er æther the dejected day.
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
 Thro' the thick air ; as cloth'd in cloudy storm,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky ;
 And, soon-descending, to the long dark night,
 Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
 Nor is the night unwish'd ; while vital heat,
 Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
 Meantime, in sable tincture, shadows vast,
 Deep-ting'd, and damp, and congregated clouds,
 And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven
 Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
 Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,
 And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
 The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
 And black with more than melancholy views.
 The cattle droop ; and o'er the furrowed land,

Fresh from the plough, the dun-discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad *Genius* of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan, 70
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods, 75
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lyes a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven, 80
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls, 85
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there 90
Recounts his simple frolic; much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'er-spread, 95
At last the rous'd-up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far;

Then o'er the fanded valley floating spreads, 106
 Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again, constrain'd
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream ;
 There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

Nature ! great parent ! whose unceasing hand 106
 Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
 How mighty, how majestic, are thy works !
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul !
 That sees astonish'd ! and astonish'd sings ! 110
 Ye too, ye winds ! that now begin to blow,
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye powerful beings ! say,
 Where your aerial magazines reserv'd,
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm ? 115
 In what far-distant region of the sky,
 Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm ?

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd ; red fiery streaks 120
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey : while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125
 Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
 The stars obtuse emit a shivered ray ;
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
 Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf ; 130
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
 With broadened nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
 Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135

The wasted taper and the crackling flame
 Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long
 They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train 140
 Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
 And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
 Assiduous in his bower, the wailing owl
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high 144
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
 The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
 And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
 Ate into caverns by the restless wave, 150
 And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
 That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
 And hurls the whole precipitated air
 Down in a torrent. On the passive main 153
 Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
 Turns from its bottom the discoloured deep.
 Thro' the black night that sits immense around,
 Lath'd into foam, the fierce-conflicting brine
 Seems e'er a thousand raging waves to burn: 160
 Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds
 In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
 And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
 Wild as the winds across the howling waste 165
 Of mighty waters; now th' inflated wave
 Straining, they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.
 Emerging thence again, before the breath 170
 Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,

And dart on distant coasts ; if some sharp rock,
Or shoal insidious break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at land the loosened tempest rings. 175
The mountain thunders ; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight sleep, and all aghast,
The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain ;
Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove, 185
The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies ; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
Then too, they say, thro' all the burden'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant
sighs,

That, utter'd by the Demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
With stars swift-gliding sweep along the sky. 196
All Nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm ; 200
Then straight air, sea, and earth are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lyes lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night, 205
And Contemplation her sedate compeer ;

Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, over-cheating train! 210

Where are you now? and what is your amount?

Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.

Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life! thou *Good Supreme!*
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself;
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul 220
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The keener tempests rise: and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb 225
A vapoury deluge lyes, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes 230
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.

'Tis brightness all! save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Lo, the woods 235
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun,
Faint from the west, emits his evening-ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox 240
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,

Tam'd by the cruel season, croud around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which *Providence* assigns them. One alone, 245
 The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
 His annual visit. Half afraid, he first 250
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
 Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs 255
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more unpitying Men, the garden seeks, 260
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glist'ning earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd,
 Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.
 Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens 266
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict; for from the bellowing east,
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
 Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains 270
 At one wide waft, and o'er the helpless flocks,
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
 The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urg'd,
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,
 Tipt with a wreath high curling in the sky. 275
 As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
 All Winter drives along the darkened air;
 In his own loose revolving fields, the swain

Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes, 280
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 285
 Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth [home
 In many a vain attempt, How sinks his soul !
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd 290
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the tract, and blest abode of Man ;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost,
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge, 300
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks 305
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing and the vestment warm ;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,

With tears of artless innocence. Alas ! 315
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse, 320
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ; 325
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death,
 And all the sad variety of pain.

How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed, 330
 By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon-glooms ;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335

Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ; 340
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.

Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop 345
 In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life, 350

One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate; 355
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous * band,
 Who touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail? 361
 Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
 Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
 And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
 While in the land of liberty, the land 365
 Whose every street and public meeting glow
 With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
 Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
 Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep; 370
 The free-born *Briton* to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd or bled. 375
 O great design! if executed well,
 With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
 Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
 Wrench from their hands Oppression's iron rod, 380
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
 Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd,
 The toils of law, (what dark insidious Men

* The jail-committee, in the year 1719.

Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385
 And lengthen simple justice into trade),
 How glorious were the day ! that saw these broke,
 And every man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
 Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps, 390
 And wavy Appennine, and Pyrenees,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands ;
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave !
 Burning for blood ! bony, and gaunt, and grim !
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend ; 395
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
 The god-like face of Man avails him nought.
 Even beauty, force divine ! at whose bright glance
 The generous lion stands in softened gaze, 405
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
 But if, appris'd of the severe attack,
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate !) 410
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrouded body from the grave ; o'er which,
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frightened ghosts, they
 howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd
 In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell ! 415
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
 Mountains of snow their gathering torrents roll.
 From steep to steep, loud thundering down they
 come,

A wintry waste in dire commotion all ;
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
 Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
 Between the groaning forest and the shore
 Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene ;

Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join, 430
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the *mighty dead*,
 Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind

With arts, and arms, and humaniz'd a world. 435
 Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The long-liv'd volume ; and, deep-musing, hail
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
 Before my wondering eyes. First, Socrates,

Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440
 Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
 Invincible ! calm Reason's holy law,
 That *Voice* of God within th' attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless, or in life or death :

Great moral teacher ! *Wise*st of mankind ! 445
 Solon the next, who built his common-weal
 On Equity's wide base ; by *tender laws*
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450

And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
 The pride of smiling Greece, and humankind.
 Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, *severely wise*,

All human passions. Following him, I see, 455
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
 The firm * *devoted chief*, who prov'd by deeds
 The hardest lesson which the *other* taught.
 Then Aristides lifts his honest front ;
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice 460
 Of Freedom gave the noblest name of *Just*;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd ;
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty † *Rival's* fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears 465
 Cimon, sweet-sou'd ; whose genius, rising strong
 Shook off the load of young debauch ; abroad,
 The scourge of Persian pride, at home, the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art ;
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth. 470
 Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
 Late-call'd to glory, in unequal times,
 Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
 Timoleon, happy temper ! mild, and firm,
 Who wept the *brother*, while the *tyrant* bled. 475
 And, equal to the best, the ‡ *Theban pair*,
 Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
 And left a mass of fordid lees behind, 480
 Phocion the *Good* ; in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm ;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smoo'd his brow,
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind. 485
 And he the *last* of old Lycurgus' sons,
 The generous victim to that vain attempt,

* Leonidas.

† Themistocles.

‡ Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

To save a rotten state, AGIS, who saw
 Even Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two Achaian heroes close the train. 496
 Aratus, who a while relum'd the soul
 Of fondly-lingering liberty in Greece :
 And he her darling as her latest hope
 The *gal'ant* Philopœmon ; who to arms
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure ; 499
 Or, toiling in his farm, a simple swain ;
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.
 Of rougher front, a mighty people come !
 A race of heroes ! in those virtuous times
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame 503
 Their *dearest* country they *too fondly* lov'd :
 Her *better Founder* first, the light of Rome,
 Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons :
 Servius the King, who laid the solid base
 On which o'er earth the *vast republic* spread, 505
 The * PUBLIC FATHER who the *Private* quell'd,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
 He, whom his thankless country *could not* lose,
 Camillus, only vengeful to her foes. 510
 Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold ;
 And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
 Thy † *willing victim*, Carthage, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith 515
 Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
 Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
 Who soon the rate of spotless glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade
 With friendship and philosophy retir'd. 520
 Tully, whose powerful eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.

* Marcus Junius Brutus.

† Regulus.

Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme.
 And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd, 529
 Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.

Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
 Demand ; but who can count the stars of heaven ?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world ?

Behold, who yonder comes ! in sober state, 530
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun :

'Tis Phoebus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain !
 Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song ! and equal by his side,
 The *British Muse* ; join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame. 536

Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported Athens with the *Moral Scene* :
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting *Lyre*.

First of your kind ! society divine ! 541
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,

And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
 Silence, thou lonely power ! the door be thine ;
 See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude, 545

Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.

Or from the Muses' hill will Pope descend, 550
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
 And with the social spirit warm the heart :
 For tho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, Hammond ? thou the darling pride,
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng ! 556
 Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast

Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon? 560
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame,
 Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store
 Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band
 Of *youthful Patriots*, who sustain her name? 565
 What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
 Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
 Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?
 Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond pursuits, 570
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
 The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
 Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night, 576
 Or sprung *eternal* from-th' ETERNAL MIND:
 Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
 Would, gradual, open on our opening minds; 580
 And each diffusive harmony unite
 In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye.
 Then would we try to scan the *moral world*,
 Which tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
 In higher order; fitted, and impell'd, 585
 By *Wisdom's* finest hand, and issuing all
 In *general good*. The sage historic Muse
 Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time:
 Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
 In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile, 590
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
 In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
 Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale

That portion of divinity, that ray 395
 Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
 Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul ;
 Then, even superior to ambition, we 600
 Would learn the private virtues ; how to glide
 Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life : or snatch'd away by hope,
 Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
 Of happiness, and wonder ; where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610
 Of frolic fancy, and incessant form
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively *Wit* excites to gay surprise ;
 Or folly-painting *Humour*, grave himself, 615
 Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.
 Meantime the village rouses up the fire ;
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round ;
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round ;
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
 Easily pleas'd ; the long loud laugh, sincere ;
 The kiss snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid, 625
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep :
 The leap, the slap, the haul ; and, shook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance.
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter night.
 The city swarms intense. The public haunt, 630

Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph 635
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune headlong sink.
 Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp; 640
 The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves;
 While, a gay insect in *his* summer shine, 644
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of *Hamlet* stalks;
Othello rages; poor *Monimia* mourns;
 And *Belvidera* pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the *Comic Muse* 650
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises fly the fair impartial laugh.
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous* *Bevil* shew'd.
 O *Thou*, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd, 656
 Whose patriot-virtues and consummate skill
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,
 Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
 And all Apollo's animating fire, 660
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity to shine
 At once the guardian, ornament and joy
 Of polish'd life; permit the Rural Muse,

* A character in the *Conscious Love's*, written by Sir Richard Steele.

O *Chesterfeld*, to grace with thee her song !
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665
 Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
 (For every Muse has in thy train a place),
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind :
 To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,
 Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power ; 670
 That elegant politeness, which excels,
 Even in the judgment of presumptuous France,
 The boasted manners of her shining court ;
 That wit the vivid energy of sense,
 The truth of Nature, which with Attic point, 675
 And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals thro' the soul, and without pain corrects.
 Or rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
 O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
 When to the listening senate, ardent, croud 680
 BRITANNIA'S sons to hear her pleaded cause.
 Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,
 Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears :
 Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
 Her own enlightened thoughts ; call'd from the heart,
 Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend ; 686
 And even reluctant party feels a while
 Thy gracious power : as thro' the varied maze
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690
 To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse :
 For now, behold the joyous winter-days,
 Frosty succeed ; and thro' the blue serene,
 For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies ;
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695
 Storing afresh with elemental life.
 Close crouds the shining atmosphere ; and binds
 Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
 Constringent ; feeds, and animates our blood ;

Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves 700
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain;
 Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
 All nature feels the rehovating force
 Of winter, only to the thoughtless eye 705
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek.
 Of rubby fire : and luculent along 710
 The purer rivers flow ; their sullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.
 What art thou, frost ? and whence are thy keen stores
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power, 715
 Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly ?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd, immense
 Thro' water, earth, and æther ? hence at eve, 720
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of winter deep suffus'd,
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice, 725
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more ; but to the sedge bank
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A chrystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm ; till, seiz'd from shore to shore, 730
 The whole imprison'd river grows below.
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
 A double noise ; while, at his evening-watch,
 The village-dog deters the nightly thief :
 The heifer lows ; the distant water-fall 735

Swells in the breeze ; and, with the hasty-tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full ætherial round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
 Shines out intensely keen ; and, all one cope 740
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
 Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on ;
 Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world, 745
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent night :
 Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendent icicle ; the frost-work fair, 750
 Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise ;
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
 A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ;
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave ;
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow 755
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain-top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
 While every work of Man is laid at rest, 760
 Fond o'er the river croud, in various sport
 And revelry dissolv'd ; where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the train ! the raptur'd boy
 Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine 765
 Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
 From every province swarming, void of care,
 Batavia rushes forth ; and as they sweep,
 On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
 The *then* gay land is maddened all to joy.

Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long resounding course. Meantime, to raise 775
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.
Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun, 780
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon,
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray; 785
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790
Worse than the season, desolate the fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.
But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795
Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid Zone;
Where, for relentless months, continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.
There, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800
Wild roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but desarts lost in snow;
And heavy loaded groves; and solid floods,
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
Their icy horror to the frozen main; 805
And cheerless towns far distant, never bless'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan

W I N T E R.

Bends to the golden coast of rich * Cathay,
 With news of humankind. Yet there life glows;
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 810
 The furry nations harbour; tipt with jet,
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
 Sables, of glossy black; and dark embrown'd,
 Or beauteous freak'd with many a mingled hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 815
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
 Sleep on the new-fallen snows; and, scarce his head
 Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
 Lyes slumbering fullen in the white abyss.

The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 820
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
 The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
 As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows, 825
 And with loud shouts rejoicing-bears them home.
 There thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear;
 With dangling ice all horrid; stalks forlorn;
 Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase, 830
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
 And with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
 That see Boötes urge his tardy wain, 835
 A boisterous race, by frosty † *Caurus* pierc'd,
 Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
 Drove martial ‡ horde on horde, with dreadful sweep

* The old name for China.

† The north-west wind.

‡ The wandering-Scythian clans.

Restless rushing o'er the enfeebled south, 841
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
 Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
 Dispile th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
 They ask no more than simple nature gives, 845
 They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.
 No false desires, no pride-created wants,
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
 And thro' the restless ever tortur'd maze
 Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage. 850
 Their rain-deer form their riches. These their tents,
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
 Supply, their wholesome fare and chearful cups.
 Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift 855
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
 Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
 By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
 With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,
 Even in the depth of Polar Night, they find
 A wondrous day: enough to light the chase,
 Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs. 865
 Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy south,
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
 The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve!
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870
 Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and re-ascends the sky.
 In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,

Where pure * Niemi's fairy mountains rise, 874
 And fring'd with roses, † Tenglio rolls his stream,
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
 They, chearful-loaded, to their tents repair;
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880
 Thrice happy race ! by poverty secur'd

From legal plunder and rapacious power :
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice : whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath 885
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on, beyond Tornêa's lake,
 And Hecla, flaming through a waste of snow,
 And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out, 890
 The Muse expands her solitary flight ;
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath ‡ another sky.
 Thron'd in his palace of coerulean ice,
 Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court ; 895

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the Figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful Lake and Mountain of Niemi in Lapland, says,—“ From this height
 “ we had opportunity several times to see those vapours
 “ rise from the lake which the people of the country call
 “ Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits
 “ of the mountains. We had been frighted with stories
 “ of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It
 “ seemed rather a place of resort for Fairies and Genii,
 “ than bears.”

† The same Author observes—“ I was surpris'd to see
 “ upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roses of as
 “ lively a red as any that are in our gardens.”

‡ The other hemisphere.

And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard :
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath ;
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost ;
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
 With which he now oppresses half the globe. 901

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main ;
 Where undissolving, from the first of time,
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky ; 905
 And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar.
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
 Alps frown on Alps ; or rushing hideous down, 910
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,
 Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
 Ocean itself no longer can resist

The binding fury ; but, in all its rage
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 915
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they ! 920

Who, here intangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun :
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the * BRITON's fate. 925
 As with *first* prow, (what have not BRITONS dar'd!)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elisabeth to discover the north east passage.

By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in Arzina caught, 930
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glu'd
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
 Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of Men;
 And half-enliven'd by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,
 Here Human Nature wears its rudest form. 940
 Deep from the piercing seasons sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life, 945
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chace.

What cannot active government perform, 950
 New-moulding Man! Wide-stretching from these
 A people savage from remotest time, [shores,
 A huge neglected empire *one vast mind*,
 By HEAVEN inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
 Immortal PETER! first of monarchs! He! 955
 His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
 Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
 And while the fierce Barbarian he subdu'd,
 To more exalted soul he rais'd the Man.
 Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd 960
 Thro' long successive ages to build up
 A labouring plan of state, behold at once
 The wonder done! behold the matchless Prince!
 Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then

A mighty shadow of unreal power ; 963
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts ;
 And roaming every land, in every port
 His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
 Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.

Charg'd with the stores of Europe home he goes !
 Them cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste ;
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign ;
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd ; 975

Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar ;
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before ; and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic Alexander of the north, 980

And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
 Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
 Of old dishonour proud : it glows around,
 Taught by the *Royal Hand* that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade : 985
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great *example* shew'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow, hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd,
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990

Spotted the mountains shine ; loose fleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ; 995

And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
 That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north ;
 But, rousing all their waves, restless heave. 1000

And hark ! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted deep : at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the cloudst
 Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors 1009
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure
 Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
 More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
 And his unweildy train, in dreadful sport, 1015
 Tempest the loosen'd brine, while thro' the gloom,
 Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wreck.
 Yet PROVIDENCE, that ever-waking Eye, 1020
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done ! dread WINTER spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. 1025
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lyes !
 How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man !
 See here thy pictur'd life ; pass some few years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age, 1031
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness ? those longings after fame ? 1035
 Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?

Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd? Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of Man, 1040
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
 The *new-creating word*, and starts to life,
 In every heighten'd form, from pain and death 1045
 For ever free. *The great eternal scheme*,
 Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To Reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now, 1050
 Confounded in the dust, adore that *Power*,
 And *Wisdom* oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And died, neglected, why the good man's share,
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul: 1055
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude; while Luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth,
 And Moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060
 Of Superstition's scourge: why licens'd Pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while, 1065
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd Evil, is no more:
 The storms of WINTERY TIME will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded SPRING incircle all.

H Y M N.

THESE as they change, **ALMIGHTY FATHER**, these;

Arc but the varied **GOD**. The rolling year

Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring

THY beauty walks, **THY** tenderness and love.

Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;

Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;

And every sense, and every heart is joy.

Then comes **THY** glory in the summer-months,

With light and heat refulgent. Then **THY** sun

Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:

And oft **THY** voice in dreadful thunder speaks;

And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,

By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.

THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,

And spreads a common feast for all that lives.

In Winter awful **THOU**! with clouds and storms

Around **THEE** thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,

Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,

Riding sublime, **THOU** bid'st the world adore,

And-humblest Nature with **THY** northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,

Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,

Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,

Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;

Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;

And all so forming an harmonious whole;

That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.

But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,

Man marks not **THEE**, marks not the mighty hand,

That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;

Works in the secret deeps; shoots, steaming, thence

The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:

Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;

Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;

And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,

With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,

Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,

In adoration join; and, ardent, raise

One general song! To HIM, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose SPIRIT in your freshness breathes;
 Oh talk of HIM in solitary glooms!
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze,
 Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound His stupendous praise; whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
 Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to HIM; whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to HIM;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lyes, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your Angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world the vital ocean round,
 On Nature write with every beam, His praise.
 The thunder rolls; be hush'd the prostrate world;
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills, ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound; the broad responsive lowe,
 Ye valleys raise: for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns:
 And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
 Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm

The listening shades, and teach the night his praise. 80
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear, 85
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;
 And as each mingling flame encreases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove ; 90
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray 95
 Ruffles the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams ;
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !
 Should fate command me to the furthest verge 100
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to Song ; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me ;
 Since God is ever present, ever felt, 105
 In the void waste as in the city full ;
 And where HE vital breathes, there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers, 110
 Will rising wonders sing ; I cannot go
 Where universal Love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons ;
 From seeming evil still educing good,
 And better thence again, and better still 115
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in HIM in LIGHT INEFFABLE !
 Come then, expressive silence, muse HIS praise.
 END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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